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BULGARIA: 1913.

The women harrow the ground, and
the children scatter the grain.
They pause by the gate, and look
down the winding road in vain
For those who went away, and will
not return again—
Dead-trodden into earth, and their
bones washed out by the rain.

The children are tying the sheaves, the
women winnow the ear,
The children are plucking the grapes,
the women yoking the steer,
Doing men's tasks, and thinking men's
thoughts, with no time for a
tear.

They have watched by the gate in vain,
and they fight a battle alone.
Keeping the desert at bay, they wait
till the children are grown.

The seasons betray not, as nations be-
tray—the fruits once garnered,
are won.

Yet, O hills by the city and woods by
the sea, were they not enough
that died,

Sons of our bodies, our brothers, our
lovers, our pride?

Do ye remember as we remember,
though we boasted not, nor
cried?

We keep the desert at bay; and wait
till the children are grown.

Lucy Masterman.

The Nation.

NIGHT-ERRANDRY.

Three long breaths of the blessed night
And I am fast asleep;
No need to read by candle-light
Or count a flock of sheep.
Deep, deep I lie as any dead,
Save my breath comes and goes;
The holy dark is like a bed
With violet curtains close.
And while enfolded I lie there
Until the dawn of day,
My body is the prisoner,
My soul slips out to play.
A-tiptoe on the window-sill
He listens like a mouse,

The calling wind blows from the hill
And circles round the house.
Above the voices of the town
It whispers in the tree,
And brings the message of the Down:
'Tis there my soul would be.
Then while enchain'd my body lies
Like a dead man in grave,
Thither on trackless feet he hies,
On wings that make no wave.
The dawn comes out in cold gray sark
And finds him flitting there
Among the creatures of the dark,
Vixen and brock and hare.
O wild white face that's none of mine,
O eager eyes unknown,
What will you do with Proserpine,
And what shall I, alone?
O fleeting feet, O naked sides,
O tresses flying free,
And are you his that all day bides
So soberly in me?

The sun streams up behind the hill
And strikes the window-pane;
The empty land lies hot and still,—
And I am I again.

Maurice Hewlett.

The Westminster Gazette.

LIGHT.

"The name of God to me was never
dear;
I scoffed at God and Christ, and knew
no fear;
Now stricken with remorse and shame
am I,
Perceiving how a Christian man can
die."

So spoke the awestruck watcher by
the bed,
Nor deemed the dying man heard what
he said:
But as the setting sun emits a ray,
A last and loving farewell to the day,
So he, with kindled eye and captured
breath,
Spoke: "Not till now was I resigned
to death;
I knew not what a boon was mine to
give;
I die content that, dying, you may
live."

Reginald Lucas.

The Spectator.

THE BALANCE OF POWER IN EUROPE: GERMANY'S DECLINE.

It not infrequently happens in the development of nations that vaulting ambition overleaps itself. On every hand this moral has recently been applied to the last condition of the Balkan Allies, and of Bulgaria in particular; but a far more notable illustration of the danger of insatiable striving for power, with all its connotes in agitation for armaments, is furnished by the recent history of Germany.

In the absence of war there is no authoritative test of a country's fitness to win in a struggle either in furtherance of its own policy or in defence against the aggressive policy of another Power. The most readily accessible tests are to be found in the standing of its army, the strength of its fleet, and the height of its credit. They are all at least indices to diplomatic strength in peace—to the ability to make its will prevail.

In the following comparisons an effort has been made to reduce the military and naval power of the principal countries of Europe to a common basis in order the more effectively to reveal the relative sizes of the armed forces, and to exhibit the relative positions of the several countries as borrowers—the faith which they inspire in the investor for economic stability:—

Armies (peace strength):—Britain (including Indian Establishment, but not the Territorials), 10:0; Germany, 32:8; Austria-Hungary, 18:9; Italy, 12:8; France, 29:7; Russia, 51:4; or Britain (including Indian Establishment and Territorials), 10; Germany, 16:4; Austria-Hungary, 9:5; Italy, 6:4; France, 14:8; Russia, 25:7.

Navies, built and building¹:—*Battle-*

¹ The British figure does not include the Dominion ships.

*ships*²: Britain, 10:0; Germany, 5:7; Austria-Hungary, 1:6; Italy, 2:0; France, 4:0; Russia, 2:8. *First-class Cruisers*: Britain, 10:0; Germany, 2:1; Austria-Hungary, 0:2; Italy, 1:6; France, 4:3; Russia, 1:4. *Light Cruisers*: Britain, 10:0; Germany, 5:1; Austria-Hungary, 1:0; Italy, 1:5; France, 1:4; Russia, 1:7. *Destroyers*: Britain, 10:0; Germany, 6:2; Austria-Hungary, 0:7; Italy, 1:5; France, 3:8; Russia, 4:6. *Submarines*: Britain, 10:0; Germany, 3:5; Austria-Hungary, 1:8; Italy, 2:3; France, 10:6; Russia, 5:2. *Personnel*: Germany possesses half as many officers and men as Britain.

Credit (Interest on principal Government stock at market price):—Britain, £3 8s. 6d.; Germany, £4 1s. 3d.; Austria, £4 17s. 9d.; Hungary, £4 15s. 3d.; Italy, £4 9s.; France, £3 15s.; Russia, £4 8s. 6d.

The broad facts which emerge from this analysis of military, naval, and financial power is that in neither does Germany hold the primacy; situated like a nut in the crackers between Russia and France, her army is hopelessly outnumbered; she has about half the naval power of Great Britain, and her credit stands lower than that of either Great Britain or France.

This is the position as assessed by the most reliable data available. And what is the moral? There are times when a country, having made appreciable progress towards the goal of its dreams, may do well to rest—first, lest it should overtry its strength, economic, military, and naval; and, secondly, lest it should excite the jealousy of neighbors—also with ambi-

² In Dreadnought ships only (built and building) the relative position is:—Britain, 10:0; Germany, 5:2; Austria-Hungary, 0:9; Italy, 1:9; France, 4:0; Russia, 3:1. The British figure includes the Lord Nelson and Agamemnon and New Zealand (in accordance with Admiralty practice), but not the Australia, Malaya, or the three hypothetical Canadian vessels.

tions—by directing all eyes to an intensive study of its evolution—of its past policy—and of the further projects which it entertains.

Germany is to-day paying the penalty of her mistakes. Six or seven years ago she held the hegemony of Europe in virtue both of her own strength and the support which her allies guaranteed. She was not satisfied. Her statesmen must needs ask for more ships and men and for thousands more troops, and her policy was supported by rash words.

What has been the result? She has sacrificed in large measure the quietly-harvested fruits of earlier years. By her later acts she drew on herself the scrutinizing gaze of the Governments of every country in Europe, and immediately in each case action was taken to neutralize the increases in German armaments. She stands to-day poorer and relatively weaker than she has been for many years. She is no longer feared as she was. She has thrown away substantial advantages in pursuit of a shadow, and from the diplomatic, the naval, the military, and the financial standpoints she no longer retains the proud position which was already within her grasp when she entered upon what she believed was to be the final stage in the realization of her ambitions.

A few years ago few persons either in the United Kingdom or on the Continent were inclined to dispute that Germany held a position of predominance in Europe which had been no country's since the days when Napoleon controlled the destinies of France. The civilized world was awed by the splendor of her shining armor—by the growth of her fleet and the strength and efficiency of her vast army. It was claimed that Germany held in her hands all the cards, and that the tendency of the immediate future would be to increase and consolidate her in-

fluence, and to render her voice more and more decisive in the affairs of the Continental Powers.

This conspectus of the balance of power in Europe led to a demand among a considerable section of publicists in the United Kingdom for translating into more permanent and binding form the pleasant relations which have existed between England and France during the past ten years, and it was suggested that the Entente Cordiale—Russia being already France's ally—should become a Triple Alliance. We were bound, at whatever sacrifice, it was urged, to oppose the further aggrandizement of Germany, and it looked as though we might be committed by the weight of an active public opinion to a more or less permanent antagonism to German aspirations, however legitimate, and German policy, however pacific and in actual harmony with our own views.

Fortunately for us, this attempt to deflect British policy from its normal and historical course failed. Every incident which has since occurred has shown the unwisdom of taking too long views of British foreign policy and the wisdom of our always remaining free to grasp the hand of friendship whenever it be offered in all honesty by any Power, whatever may have been the mutual relations of the past. A Triple Alliance would have crystallized our foreign policy for an indefinite period, rendering more or less permanent Anglo-German antagonism, besides tying us to the Continent in bonds of steel. It would also have rendered necessary a complete revolution in the policy of defence not only of the United Kingdom, but of the whole Empire, and the burden of the change would have fallen exclusively upon the already heavily taxed people of the United Kingdom. Nothing less than a full-blooded scheme of conscription would have fitted

us to play a military rôle on the Continent; we should have had to be prepared to meet the three-year conscripts with three-year conscripts—a real nation in arms would have been a necessity. Unless we were willing to provide a military force of a size and a quality capable of turning the scales in some Armageddon of the future, our allies would always have felt we were doing something less than our duty towards them, and our relations, though nominally friendly, would have been uncomfortable and irritating.

By every influence our allies would have controlled our policy. Once the rubicon had been crossed, the strategical value of the North Sea and the English Channel as barriers against aggression would steadily have decreased. No Power in the past has been powerful on sea and on land, and it would have inevitably followed that the extra effort and money required in perfecting and enlarging our military organization would have been attained at the expense of the Fleet; thus our potential strength of commanding the seas would have suffered in greater proportion as we succeeded in a policy of military aggrandizement with a view to exercising a predominant influence as a Continental military Power. Naval power to us is cheap; military power, owing to our economic conditions, is, and must always remain, costly.

We came to the cross roads and took the right turning, with the result that our position in the world to-day is that of the peacemaker, who holds the scales and can throw his weight into either the one balance or the other as events suggest, while our relations with Germany have become increasingly cordial without any waning of our friendship with France and Russia.

The course of events in Europe sup-

plies proof of the interaction of armament policy and economic laws with very remarkable results. When the reported British intention of landing troops in Europe in the summer of 1911 was followed by the Balkan war and the anticipated uprising of a great Slav Confederation, the German Government prepared an ambitious Army Bill involving a capital expenditure of £52,000,000 and an immense additional annual charge. It was contended that Austria could not give the support which she had promised in the past owing to the increased attention which she would be compelled in future to devote to watching developments in the neighboring peninsula. The German Government argued on the assumption that it might increase its army without encouraging reciprocal action on the part of other nations. It was wrong, as all Governments are wrong which ignore the fact that every step which they take towards an unwarranted increase in military armaments in Europe is bound to encourage other countries to make as effective replies as lie within their power.

Germany during the past two years has added 38,372 men to her strength, and under her new proposals intends to secure a further expansion of 136,000. Austria has added to her strength to the extent of only 58,505 men, while Italy's military strength has been actually decreased by the increased liabilities which she has incurred on the African continent. Germany, by her rash Army Bill, supplied her neighbors and potential enemies with an impetus to action. Russia has already added 75,000 men to her army, and now possesses a peace strength of 1,284,000, while France, by additions of 183,715, is raising her peace establishment to 741,572.³ Consequently the Franco-

³ These are the figures given by the War Office in reply to a question in the House of Commons.

Russian allies dispose on a peace footing something over 2,000,000 men, while Austria and Germany possess only about 130,000, and the strength which Italy, in the new strategical circumstances which are her present embarrassment, could lend is problematical.

The balance of military power in Europe has been turned against Germany, even if allowance be made for the fact that a considerable proportion of the Russian army is in Asia and could not be transferred to European battlefields except after some delay. Steps have, however, already been taken to reduce the period. Germany, by her restless ambition, has frightened her neighbors into increased activity at a moment when events in the Balkan Peninsula were already tending to weaken the support which she had hitherto anticipated from Austria-Hungary and when Italy had recently incurred almost unlimited military liabilities on the African continent.

But this is not all. Military developments, particularly in Germany, suggested to the Belgian Government the desirability of practically doubling the peace strength of its army, and it will in future stand at 72,700 men—rather a large nut for Germany to crack as a mere preliminary incident of war—and Holland has already raised her establishment to over 38,000 men.

It is thus apparent that in the renewed competition in military armaments which has been the marked characteristic of the history of the Great Powers of the Continent during the past few years, German power and German prestige have suffered. The most recent events in the Balkan Peninsula have not confirmed the hastily formed opinion that we were about to see the uprising of a great Balkan Confederation. No sooner had

the Allies humbled their hereditary enemy—Turkey—than they fell to quarrelling among themselves as to the division of the spoils. The friends of yesterday, moved by mutual jealousy, became the fiercest of enemies. The Balkans are still seething, and will probably continue to seethe for many years to come. The situation must prove a recurring embarrassment to Austria-Hungary, if not to Italy. Everything points to a continuance of unrestful conditions in this part of Europe, and this will make not for the strength, but for the weakness of the Triple Alliance.

What, then, is the new situation? Austria will have her hands tied in South-eastern Europe in the years ahead, and Italy has new territories to develop and consolidate. This work will cast upon the latter country a heavy financial burden, besides occupying the attention of no inconsiderable part of her army, which is being decimated by sickness in her new colony. Many years must elapse before her territories on the African continent become a source of strength to her—if, indeed, she can ever hope that her colonial empire will be anything but a matter of naval and military embarrassment and a drain upon her resources. Those who look on do sometimes see the tendency of events more accurately than the statesmen who are actually engaged in the development of national policy, and no one can glance at the map of the Mediterranean without realizing that Italy has given hostages to fate, and that in the coming years she will probably have increasing cause to regret the forward policy which led to the planting of the Italian flag in Africa. Italy is not a rich country. Her internal development has already been arrested, but the ambition of empire has nevertheless led her to throw her dominion over 45,000

square miles of country bordering on the Red Sea, and nearly 140,000 square miles of Somaliland; and now she has added to her empire upwards of 400,000 square miles by her conquest of Tripoli and Cyrenaica.

Every development of Austrian and Italian policy, and every event in South-eastern Europe, has tended to weaken the Triple Alliance as an effective force in Central Europe, and Germany can no longer look to her partners for that military assistance of which she was assured even as recently as five years ago, although the fighting forces of the three Powers have been expanded to an appreciable extent.

In the very effort towards military and territorial aggrandizement the Triple Allies have not only weakened the combination, but have weakened themselves individually in an economic sense. There is one broad distinction between naval and military power. The former withdraws a comparatively small number of men for limited periods from fruitful occupations, and by encouraging directly shipbuilding and other allied industries, gives strength to a large field of manufacture. The fleets of the Triple Alliance call for only about 120,000 officers and men, but they have more than ten times as many men with the colors ashore. Naval power makes a limited call on the population; it is otherwise with military power. Naval expansion may be made to pay; military expansion is an unrelieved economic loss. Shipbuilding, both for military and mercantile purposes, is expensive if pursued on a small scale, but the cost per ton falls steadily as the volume of production increases, and naval construction on a large scale predicates cheapness of shipbuilding for the mercantile marine, as the British shipbuilding and engineering trades illustrate.

The creation of military power, on the other hand, depresses industry of all kinds. The production of military armaments is a specialized trade which has no relation with any other trade. The establishments which produce guns, gun-carriages, powder, and projectiles can be used for no other purpose, and the best that can be hoped is that inconsiderable orders may possibly be received for armaments from other countries. But the outstanding effect of military aggrandizement is the withdrawal from productive occupations for two or three years of a large proportion of the most intelligent and physically fit of the male population at the very time when they are most adaptable to the purposes of industry. A military establishment on a large scale eats up national wealth; the economic product is not only non-existent, but every pound of additional military expenditure tends to repress the productive capacity and the taxable capacity of the nation.

Bearing in mind these broad economic considerations, it must be apparent that during the few past years the Triple Alliance has declined as a factor in European politics and commerce. Each of the nations, in pursuit of its military policy, has opened a fresh wound in the body economic, and these wounds will continue to bleed in the years ahead, weakening the beat of the heart on which life depends. The drain is not of a temporary character, but is permanent, and each year that it persists, its effect upon economic conditions must increase.

Russia and France will also suffer in varying degrees from this process of debilitation, but of all the nations of Europe, Russia, with its vast population—over 10 per cent. greater than that of the three nations combined which compose the Triple Alliance—

and with vast commercial potentialities, can best bear this drain. The revenue of Russia is so huge that the Government literally does not know how to expend it; in spite of every retarding influence, her trade and industry continue to advance by leaps and bounds. Her imports since 1862 have increased by 330:4 per cent., and her exports by 445:5 per cent., while the railway mileage, which was 634, now amounts to upwards of 45,000; and her telegraph lines have been extended from 21,000 to 125,000 miles. Russia is still in her infancy as an economic factor in European commerce, and her strength is so colossal that the influence of her forward policy in armaments upon her economic growth is infinitesimal, while in the case of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy the results are apparent to the most casual observer.

France, it is true, possesses no such capacity for further commercial expansion as is evidenced by Russia, but, on the other hand, she possesses a population far richer in accumulated wealth than probably that of any other country in the world, and the dividends which she receives upon foreign invested capital are of no mean assistance in meeting the heavy armament bills which she has been forced, by the policy of her neighbors, to incur. France possesses economic staying power far in excess of that of either Germany, Austria-Hungary or Italy. Her national securities come next in order of precedence to those of England. At the present market price she is paying only about £3 15s. on her national debt, large as it is; Germany pays over £4 per cent.; Italy, £4 9s.; and Austria-Hungary approximately £4 15s. The relative standing of national securities is no bad index to financial stability. That Russia is paying £4 8s. 6d. is due to special causes, and specifically to the fact

that the Empire is being developed, and is forced to make heavy demands upon the money market of the world in order to work out its economic salvation. Russia is in some measure the Canada of Europe and Asia—an empire of possibilities. The decline of Germany as a military factor in Europe does not stand alone. Her relative position as a naval Power is steadily declining. Nothing indicates this fact better than the events of four years ago, when "the naval crisis" occurred in England. During the discussions in the spring of that year in the House of Commons, it was seriously suggested not by one statesman, but by many, that the progress of the German Fleet was such that in a few years the naval supremacy of Great Britain might become merely a memory. Mr. Balfour himself declared:—

"Now for the first time in modern history, relatively modern history, we are face to face with a novel situation, so new, so dangerous, that it is very difficult for us to realize all that it imports. For the first time there is bordering on the North Sea, upon our own waters, the waters that bathe our shores, a great Power that has got a capacity, and looks as if it had the will, to compete with us in point of actual numbers in respect of those great battleships. I am afraid that nothing can be done; it is too late to do anything with regard to the years that precede November, 1911. What has been done has been done with regard to that. I look at even that period with the greatest anxiety, but we can do nothing now to remedy it."

Then, addressing the Government, Mr. Balfour said:—

"I ask them not to hesitate, not to delay, but to use to the utmost and as quickly as possible, without paltering, every possible machine which they have at their disposal for restoring to this country what I greatly fear we

have temporarily lost—not that two-Power standard which is far beyond question in this debate, but the one-Power standard in the matter of ships of first-class power, which for the first time in our history seems to be slipping from our grasp.”

In the course of this same speech Mr. Balfour declared that, “We have to count on the possibility of there being 17 (German) Dreadnoughts to our 14 in 1911, and that even when the two ships laid down next November are built we shall then be only 16 to Germany’s 17; and then, if Germany goes on at this rate, which is more than possible, the probability is that they will have on 1st April, 1912, 21 Dreadnoughts to our 20.” In a subsequent portion of his speech Mr. Balfour entertained the possibility that Germany might have as many as 25 ships of the new type by this date to our 20.

Four years have passed since this famous debate in the House of Commons made the country fear that its naval supremacy would soon be a thing of the past. There is little doubt that Germany did make a definite effort, by secret construction, to overtake us, but she failed, and failed lamentably, because by her very tactics she exposed the end which she had in view. She not only spurred the British Government to action, but she supplied a powerful incentive to other Governments, with very remarkable results.

Her naval ascendancy in European waters has steadily declined since she brought forward her Navy Act of 1908, followed by the measure of last year. Down to 1908 Germany was steadily approaching the position of the predominant naval Power:—

(1) Between 1899—the year when the first German Navy Act came into effective operation—and 1905, she laid down 15 battleships—pre-Dread-

noughts—to 16 built by Great Britain; the supreme naval Power during these years built one more battleship than Germany alone, as the following figures of the programmes of the two countries show:—

	Britain.	Germany.
1899-1900	2	3
1900-1	2	2
1901-2	3	2
1902-3	2	2
1903-4	5	2
1904-5	2	2
1905-6	—	2
	16	15

(2) Then came the Dreadnought. Between 1905 and the spring of 1909 Germany laid down 9 ships of the Dreadnought type, besides a large armored cruiser—practically a battleship—and accelerated the preparations for beginning her ships of the 1909-10 programme, while Great Britain began 12 ships only.

	Britain.	Germany.
1905-6	4	—
1906-7	3	2
1907-8	3	3
1908-9	2	4
	12	9

In these ten years—the last of the pre-Dreadnought era and the first of the Dreadnought era—the supreme naval Power began 28 ships and Germany commenced 24, and had arranged to accelerate some of her four ships of 1909-10.

During this period—1899-1908—the British margin in battleships amounted to 16.6 per cent. only, and there was justification for the widespread anxiety which was felt when this fact was studied in the light of official and unofficial statements on the other side of the North Sea, and it became known that shipbuilding in Ger-

many was being secretly speeded up. Germany was apparently making a bold bid for the sceptre which we had held for so many years, and, by design or by chance, her allies in the Mediterranean adopted ambitious shipbuilding programmes.

The scales, which were apparently inclining towards the Triple Alliance, have been rapidly readjusted. What could indicate the march of events more conclusively than the eloquent

figures prepared by Mr. Alan Burgoyne, Unionist M.P. for Kensington, showing the progress of the great Powers in the construction of ships of the Dreadnought type? In this table, issued by the Navy League, he shows (A) vessels in commission, (B) completing afloat, (C) on the stocks, (D) ordered or projected, with the date when the last ship in the case of each country is expected to be ready for commission:—

	A	B	C	D	Total	Date
British Empire	24	8	5	5	42	Nov. 1915
Germany	14	5	5	2	26	June 1916
United States	8	2	3	—	13	Jan. 1916
France	8	4	1	4	17	Nov. 1916
Japan	5	1	3	3	12	Summer 1916
Russia	—	4	7	—	11	? 1917
Italy	1	4	3	2	10	? 1917
Austria	1	2	1	—	4	? 1915
Spain	—	2	1	3	6	? 1915
Turkey	—	—	1	—	1	? 1915
Greece	—	—	1	—	1	? 1916

In 1909 we were asked to face the prospect of Germany having 21, and possibly 25 Dreadnought ships, completed by April, 1912, at a moment when we should have only 20; and Germany, there is little doubt, believed that she had entered on the last lap in the race for naval supremacy. In July, 1913, fifteen months later than this critical date, Germany has actually 14 ships in commission, while we possess 24. In November, 1915, the British Empire will have 42 vessels ready, or 44 including the *Lord Nelson* and *Agamemnon*; while Germany will have 23, and she will not reach a total of 26 until the summer of the following year. In November 1915, therefore, we shall have attained a margin of superiority of 90 per cent., and in the following summer—when three more German vessels will be completed—the margin for the Empire will be nearly 70 per cent. This is a striking figure to contrast with our boasted lead in modern battleships

prior to the construction of the Dreadnought. We then possessed 16 battleships of recent construction (1899-1905) to Germany's 15, a margin of 6.6 per cent. In other words, in ships of the latest type, we have advanced upon Germany, including the Dominion ships, to the extent of 63.4 per cent.

The recent discussions upon the naval position in the House of Commons have reflected the remarkable change in the outlook. The debates have been in marked contrast with those of four years ago. Then it was the subject of very heated controversy whether Germany alone would not have more ships of the new type in the fighting line in a few years than we should have. This year the argument centred round an entirely different matter, namely, whether in assuring us a 60 per cent. superiority the Admiralty were, in fact, justified in regarding the *Lord Nelson*, the *Agamemnon*, and the battle-cruiser *New*

Zealand as British ships as distinct from, on the one hand, pre-Dreadnoughts, and, on the other, a Dominion vessel provided for the whole-world defence of Imperial interests. If the Admiralty were justified in including these three ships,* then it was general matter of agreement that a 60 per cent. margin of superiority was being maintained, apart from the Commonwealth battle-cruiser *Australia* and the ship presented by the Federated Malay States. By including these two units in the British total, the position in November, 1915, will be as 44 is to 23, which is equivalent, as has been stated, to a margin over Germany alone of 90 per cent. And when, furthermore, the Canadian ships are eventually forthcoming in the spring of 1916, the whole-world total of the British Empire will somewhat exceed 100 per cent., or two keels to one, to fall to a margin of 80 per cent. in the summer when the three new German ships should be in commission. In some form or other these three Canadian provided ships *must* be forthcoming, and thus by the time Germany possesses 26 vessels of the Dreadnought type the British Empire will be in possession of 47. Considering the vast responsibilities which rest upon the British Fleet, and the absolute dependence of every British and Dominion interest on sea-power, the margin provided is not only not excessive, but its inadequacy for our needs is apparent when the progress of the Italian and Austrian fleets in the Mediterranean, and the prestige of the American and Japanese navies in the Pacific, reacting on commerce and diplomacy, are kept in view.

But it is not only in relation to the British Fleet that Germany's naval strength has declined. She has fright-

ened other Powers into unexampled activity. At a moment when her naval strength will be about half that of Great Britain and the Dominions, France and Russia combined should possess at least as many ships of the new type as she will have at sea, and probably the number will be greater.

Since 1900—in four short years—our naval problem has undergone a dramatic change. Then it was contended that we were in imminent peril of being out-distanced by Germany alone in armored ships of the latest types—and, indeed, we were, as the figures of the two countries' programmes of 1899-1908 show; now none entertains any such fears. The matter of contention is whether the margin of strength which we shall possess three years hence is adequate, not as against Germany, but for the whole-world defence of all British interests.

Nothing could indicate more effectively the change in Germany's position as a naval Power than this variation in the character of the British debates. The old terror has gone. Whatever may have been Germany's ambitions in the years when her shipbuilding almost equalled ours, they must be dead, and the onus of proof thrown by critics on the Admiralty is that, after making provision for a 50 per cent. superiority in Dreadnoughts in Home waters over Germany, the margin available for use in the Mediterranean and the Pacific will be adequate for all the many needs of the Empire. We need no longer arouse German susceptibilities by a suspicious examination of her every movement. The naval problem need no longer be a barrier to friendly relations between the two countries. Great Britain has reasserted her undisputed superiority in ships of the latest types. The area of

* In the *Naval Annual* and the *Navy League Annual*, the *Lord Nelson* and *Agamemnon*, each with four 12 in. and ten 9.2 in. guns, have been classed as equivalent to Dreadnoughts.

contention between Government and Opposition speakers rests on the interpretation of the term Dreadnought—whether the margin which is being provided over Germany is over 60 per cent., as the Admiralty contend, or only 50 per cent., as Mr. Arthur Lee has contended.

In four short years a complete change has come over the scene, and we know, moreover, that our naval primacy over Germany is for the present secure, because we possess superior

shipbuilding capacity, as Mr. Burgoyne, in his valuable analysis of Dreadnought construction (issued by the Navy League), has revealed:—

Speed of construction is still in our favor, as the following table shows. A is from date of laying down to launch; B from date of laying down to commissioning, or, in the case of Germany, to the date of completion of official trials. Preparation for the actual laying of the keel is commenced, in most cases, some months in advance:—

	A. No. of Ships.	Average in Months.	B. No. of Ships.	Average in Months
British Empire	29	10:52	24	26:97
Germany	21	15:407	14	35:56
U.S.A.	10	13:5	8	33:33
France	12	15:42	8	41:96
Japan	6	19:08	5	49
Italy	6	13:35	1	43:5
Russia	4	26	Nil	Nil
Austria	3	13:16	2	30:25

In the light of these facts we can take a broader and Imperial view of our needs. The fears of 1909 are banished on the admission of all sections of public opinion in the United Kingdom, and we are in a position to review our responsibilities as an Imperial people and assess our naval strength not by reference to Germany alone, but by a careful regard to the general progress of naval armaments throughout the world.

That our margin of strength for the whole-world defence of the Empire will be inadequate after the spring of 1916, without the Canadian ships or their equivalent provided with British funds, has been repeatedly admitted by Mr. Churchill on behalf of the Admiralty. By accelerating three British ships* the gap caused by the Canadian Senate's adverse vote has been filled for six or seven months only, and in the spring the situation must

be faced—since the vessels will take two years to build. In his speech of March 31st last, Mr. Churchill declared that the three Canadian ships “are absolutely required from 1916 onwards for the whole-world defence of the British Empire, apart altogether from the needs of Great Britain in Home waters; that they will play a real part in the defence of the Empire, and that if they fail a gap will be opened to fill which further sacrifices will have to be made without undue delay by ‘others.’” Nothing could be more explicit. What Mr. Churchill has said he has said; he has withdrawn nothing and qualified nothing in later speeches, and it remains only for him or the Canadians to translate these words into acts in the coming spring in order that the three ships may be ready in the early part of 1916, and then also we shall have full knowledge of the intentions of Austria-Hungary and Italy, and any necessary expansion of the

* The orders for these vessels were placed on August 15th, whereas the contracts were not to be given out until March.

British programme can be made.

Politically the compass is being boxed: before the eyes of the world Anglo-German enmity is being displaced by Anglo-German friendship, and if Russia—which now on the basis of naval expenditure ranks next after Great Britain⁶—continues to advance in economic strength and armaments and resists temptations to Asiatic adventures, there is no saying that in five years' time or less we may not have a powerful movement in this country and in Germany for an Anglo-German Entente.

There is already every assurance that Germany will have to change her naval dispositions. She has been in recent years concentrating in the North Sea, and practically ignoring the Baltic. Now Russia is building up a great naval force in the Baltic; in three years' time she will possess—apart from her men-of-war in the Black Sea—six Dreadnoughts and as many older battleships in the Baltic, as well as a considerable number of cruisers and large flotillas of torpedo craft. She will no longer be a negli-

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ble quantity which Germany in the disposition of her navy can afford to ignore—particularly as Russian administration and training is being reformed simultaneously with the re-creation of her fleet.

The probability is that the struggle of the future on the Continent will be not between Germany and France, but between Germany and Russia, for the latter country has immense and, indeed, unplumbed resources—naval and military and economic. It may be hoped that when this day arrives and we are urged to stand by Germany—as we shall be urged—there will be no inclination to weaken the easy and pleasant bonds which bind us to France, but that we may act in accordance with the Prime Minister's interpretation of British foreign policy when he declared (July 25th, 1912) that "our friendships are in no sense exclusive," and that thus under new and favorable conditions we may become an agent towards the promotion of peaceful relations between the enemies of 1870.

Escubitor.

THE CATHOLICITY OF THE YOUNG.

Like some other truths, the essential unity of childhood came to me one night as I lay under the Southern stars on the Veld not far from Pretoria. It is so essential a verity that it has influenced my life and my actions ever since. I then realized that once the fact is recognized that the young are not divided by racial or other prejudice induced by heredity, the great problems of the future are well on the way to be solved, because they will resolve themselves into a

⁶ In the present year Great Britain's naval expenditure is £46,400,000; Russia's £24,477,000; Germany's £22,887,000; France's £18,626,000; Italy's £10,269,000; and Austria-Hungary's somewhere about £6,500,000.

simple question of just education. As long as we begin by assuming the original sin of division in the young, or indeed any other original sin, we become side-tracked at once in dealing with all racial and class problems, and we must even become false to education itself in its proper sense. I will try to show how this works for reaction in this article, but first it may be interesting to explain how this truth suddenly illumined my otherwise dull brain.

But a few days before that night under the stars of the Transvaal, I had been in command of a party of

mounted men and entered a large farm to obtain forage. I was received without enthusiasm, yet not unkindly, by the old farmer, a virile specimen of a Boer nearly eighty years old, and he accepted *force majeure* which was represented by my good soldiers. While the men started loading up our wagon he invited me into the house to see his *crow*, whom I found a stout old lady with a pleasant though now an anxious face. She and I talked together as much as her limited knowledge of English and mine of the Taal would permit, as we drank her coffee. For some days we had been short of fresh food, and I asked her whether she would sell me some fresh eggs. She answered that I could take all the eggs she had as I was taking the hay from the loft, but that she would not sell me any because she had hardly enough for her grandchildren. I need hardly say that this was the end of the matter so far as I was concerned. When the loading was finished and just as I was putting my foot into the stirrup, a little girl of thirteen who had heard my question came up to me, and in a shy manner and in very good English said, "Commandant, I heard you ask for eggs; here, take this one," and she pushed an egg into my hand. I did not cry, though I felt like it, and I kissed her because I felt like it too—but that child opened a new Heaven and a new Earth to me. It was clear in this little girl, who was an enemy, I found one who had no racial prejudice and whose good little heart united me to her race as no other bond could have done. It may be said that from that day, while performing my own work as in duty bound, I never lost an opportunity of lessening the hardships of war for these unfortunate people. From that time forth I knew that we were fighting no enemy, and that the people we were opposing were

against us owing to a misunderstanding and not through any essential difference.

But as the truth came to me at Kameel Drift, near Pretoria, owing to a kindly act of a small enemy, so the consequence of it came. Here we were having quite an exciting time, half sport, half patriotism, and though some of us were killed, most escaped and were recompensed by honors and by excitement. Yet there were those who neither had honors nor excitement, nor even a say in the whole matter, whose experience of war was suffering, indignity, starvation, and death, and these were the little children of Boer and Briton, who as a result of the war between wrong-headed men suffered, and would suffer, for many a year because we were pig-headed, blind, and drunk with lust for power. The true casualty list of a Diamond Hill or a Colenso battle was not that one published by excited journals next day, but could only be computed by close enquiry years afterwards, by the increased infant mortality in London slums, the dwellings of the poor in our great cities, the concentration camps of the Dutch, and the huts of the Back Veld in two heretofore thriving States.

That finished me, not as a militarist—that I never was—but as a tolerator of war; and from that time forth I became a Peace propagandist *because* I loved the youngsters. But just as I saw that they were the chief sufferers, I realized also that they were intended by God to put an end to it, as the martial spirit had been killed in me by the action of one of them. However, before I proceed to point out what can be done, it may be as well to give a few instances of how the truth of the Unity of the Young was confirmed in me.

It was some time after the instance given above, and still the war continued, when I found myself in command

of a District. Among the many duties which devolved on me was to protect and utilize for work the natives who belonged to the Baralong tribe, and I effected this by causing a native village to be constructed about a mile from my headquarters, where my native friends could be both commanded and cared for. It was my custom to inspect this village once or twice a week, and I used to ride there with my Adjutant. I generally went into the huts and made friends with the women and the children. These latter wear no clothes, and their shapely mahogany-colored figures are as fascinating a sight as I have ever seen. Of these, one little brown fellow of four years became a great friend of mine and he usually got a ride on my pony, where he sat on the pommel in front of me with the grace of a practised cavalier. It must be remembered that our headquarters were surrounded by a line of sentries, accustomed to fire with but the shortest of formality, and there were ditches and barbed wire wherever it was possible to put them. Moreover, at this time my tent was pitched on the top of a particularly scraggy rock, not by any means easily ascended after nightfall. One dark night, when I was writing my reports by the light of a candle in a beer bottle, I heard a gentle tapping on the canvas of the tent, and throwing the curtain open there was found my young Baralong friend with a pleasing grin on his countenance. He told me he had run away to pay me a visit, and I laughed loud enough to cause the guard to stand to arms and for the Sergeant to come to me to enquire. Johann had entirely outmanœuvred my sentries and had come through the barbed wire without a scratch, which to me was not a pleasing thought when the possibilities of the same being done by a particularly enterprising enemy were considered. However, his youth-

ful affection for me clearly was of no race, was limited by no racial or age prejudice, and after feeding him with ration chocolate I sent my mahogany brother back to his parents in charge of a Corporal's patrol.

Within a few weeks of this I had not only a further confirmation of the truth that the young are not divided by God, but by man, in this same place. When the war had been wearing on for eighteen months, and in all that time the children, English, Boer and native, had received no schooling and very little training in discipline, I started a sort of school for them and had them drilled, white and colored, by one of the Sergeant-Instructors. They also played together in the most complete youthful harmony—and, I may add, when there was time, I played with them. There was no sign of color prejudice among them, yet, after this had been going on for some three weeks, I received a deputation from the Dutch parents, who begged me as a favor not to allow their children to play with the colored ones. Enquiry was made as to why, and the answer was that the white youths would learn bad habits from the natives. It is not certain to me that it would not have been the other way; but I had to bow to their prejudices, though with much reluctance. Yet I have heard a grocer's wife say exactly the same thing of the children of her own compatriots who were artisans in the Board Schools of our united country. The children wished to be friends, to know the others and be known, but the archaic prejudice of the adults—of the Olympians—intervened.

I have seen this fight of the young for freedom from race and caste prejudice, against elderly sinners—the laggards of time—not in one country but in many. In Italy on the democratic sands of Viareggio, where Shel-

ley died, I have seen little people playing in harmony together, and suddenly separated by those whose duty it was to instil wisdom and Christianity into them with these words: "I will not have you play with Protestant children." I have seen at San Sebastian children educated in the vulgarity of class prejudice just as I have in race; and I can never forget my own first experience in this kind of stupid cruelty, when as a child of nine I had played with a small girl of the same age one long morning, and she, having been invited to our house to dinner, to my surprise and mortification was sent to the kitchen for her meal while I had mine in solitary state in the day nursery. To my vehement enquiry why we should be divided, the governess's reply was, "But you are a little gentleman"—a poor and an inexplicable consolation for having my food alone!

Apart from all higher and nobler reasons, this segregation of childhood into race, sect, and class, has the very serious practical objection of preventing the persons of the different classes from understanding each other when they have grown up. The impressions made on a child's brain in youth are the most indelible of earthly things—a truth which is very well understood, though somewhat stupidly applied, by the various Churches. From practical experience in war, war being in reality very democratic in its processes—because in spite of military law the leader who has not obtained the complete sympathy of the led can by the latter be left in most uncomfortable corners, and often is, without a suspicion of treachery arising—I know the effect of dividing youth into compartments causes much trouble.

It was the most difficult thing in the world to cause the young officer to realize that the private soldier was of the same blood and brain as himself, and to make him act as if that were the

case. He had been—more especially if he came of the successful professional or commercial class—from his earliest childhood secured from contact with the poorer children; and the more of a parvenu the parent, the more carefully had he been protected from this intercourse. He had heard the poor always spoken of as a different sort of race acting on lower and different principles, and he carried this idea into the field. In fact the young officer, the son of a country gentleman, was much freer from this error of mind than his town-bred comrade, because the upbringing on a landed property necessitated the early friendship of the squire's, farmer's and laborer's sons. Here was a difficulty—and one which I am bound to say I have not remarked in foreign armies, where discipline is often even more severe, but education is acquired in common. This, however, is in truth a minor matter though illuminating.

What we have to realize is that children know none of these race, class, color, or even age distinctions, and that therefore the time-worn argument that race or class antipathy is natural must fall to the ground. Without in any way desiring to exaggerate Divine Authority, yet my considerable and intimate acquaintance with children of many races has caused me to appreciate very much more completely than I otherwise would have done these words:

"And he took a little child and placed him in the midst of them."

And again:

"For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

And again:

"And a little child shall lead them."

Now, if my readers have followed my thoughts they will see what I mean. We have "Children of the

World" just as we have men of the world. The process of making a man of the world is, from my experience, somewhat a painful one, and comparatively few attain it. If this phrase means anything it means this: that after much travel, suffering, disillusionment, and disappointment, a man has arrived at a point when he is prepared to be equally courteous, sympathetic and affectionate to all others, to whatever class, race, or sect they may belong. He possesses something of that Divine spirit of trustfulness which in nine cases out of ten disarms the wicked and attracts the good.

You have only to go into any mixed social gathering to be able in a few minutes to pick out the few people who have attained this standard of culture, by noticing the effect of their presence. They are not all good men, but they are all of a higher type than the awkwardly shy, or the vulgarly self-conscious—or the racially narrow—and by the sympathy which they show they breathe into social life an air of friendliness. Englishmen only attain this by wide travel not only in foreign countries, but in alien classes and sections of society.

One remembers going abroad for the first time primed up with all the vulgarity of racial prejudice, inspired by false history and such doggerel as is delightfully crystallized in these lines: "Two dirty Frenchmen, one Portuguese, one jolly Englishman will beat them all three," and regarding all foreigners with contempt mixed with pity. And now having attained to the greater knowledge, we recognize a friend in a foreigner just as easily as in a compatriot. And the same may be said in travelling in other classes than our own.

Now as soon as we recognize that the young of the world commence

where we (and only some of us) leave off, the stupidity of allowing the grown-ups to vulgarize and narrow the minds of the children is manifest. But how can this be prevented, seeing that parents and even schoolmasters and priests are not, so far as things outside their own sphere of action, usually either very wide-minded or travelled? In fact, most of them are people who think backwards from fifty to five hundred years.

Clearly there are three things to be done:—

First, to prevent the prejudice of race entering into their minds. This would seem a matter of no great difficulty seeing that we, and above all the race which is incorrectly termed Anglo-Saxon, are enormously mixed. Yet from the earliest years the legal fiction of racialism is inculcated in the schools through absurdly inaccurate history. It happened that in the War in South Africa it became my duty to suppress a small work called *Glimpses of South African History*, the story of that unfortunate country. It was good enough, quite as good as most of our own text-books for children, but it represented all the good acts of the Dutch during the last three hundred years and all the bad acts of the British, and was dumb in respect to the bad ones of the former or the good ones of the latter. Take the French and British text-books of the Hundred Years War, and compare them. If you refrain from laughing at these racial inexactitudes you will certainly weep for the children who have to absorb them. If sheer lying be patriotism the less we have of it the better.

The first thing to do, then, is to have history written for the children; one which will be accepted as equally true in Berlin as in London, in Paris as in St. Petersburg. This is not impossible, because all the words of scientific

historians agree. Why should the children only be fed on this jingoistic garbage? Moreover, war is pictured to all the scholars as the principal event in history: a gay and colored adventure on which the world turns—gallant combats between knights in shining armor. It would really pay to employ some soldiers to go to the schools and tell them exactly what war is: the occasional battle, the constant and laborious expectancy, with too frequent treachery, the murder of the more noble, the escape of the less desirable, the abominable cruelty to animals, the disease, the suspicion and the general degeneracy in all the participants. A just war may be ennobling, but it cannot be just on both sides, and even a just war has to be carried on by very questionable methods. Let us prevent this racial prejudice being inoculated, and we will have gone a long way in inculcating true and not false patriotism.

Secondly, the caste prejudice, which is worse in England than in any European country, can only be eradicated by the children of all classes being educated together, which can only be attained by universal and compulsory education. At the present time in England, any child of a parent above actual poverty need have no education at all. He can be educated at home or sent to some uninspected seminary for "young gentlemen," where he is obliged to pass no standards, and generally is much worse educated than the child of the laborer. At least I can personally vouch for one man, who is now a peer by succession, having left Eton after five years and being unable to write the simplest letter

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without bad spelling and bad grammar. What, then, of the thousands of little uninspected schools? As in Germany, every boy or girl should, according to his age, be obliged to pass the standards, whether he be at a Government school or not; without this the whole system is farcical.

Then there is the question of joining up the ages. Unless a man can make a friend of a boy, he cannot impart his experience—the child cannot continue where the man leaves off. It is only by encouraging close intimacy between the adults and the young that experience can be taught, whatever else may be implanted. The great barrier to this friendly and frank intercourse is the malicious suspicion of the evil-minded. I am not unaware of the risks, but the risks are as nothing compared to the unnatural separation of young and old, which leaves the former inexperienced and the latter uncongenial.

If we are to continue to progress—as the world has become smaller by closer intercourse and by the interdependence of nations—we must smash the false gods of racial prejudice and class snobbery. There are two forces which can do it to-day—the children who are united by God, and the poor who are united by suffering. But the better way, because the more natural, is through the cosmopolitan hearts of the young, by allowing their instincts to have full play. The second force must be used, but Peace will by it alone only be arrived at after a War of Class, one which it is not agreeable to contemplate, yet, I fear, inevitable.

Francis Vane.

THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS.

By HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.

CHAPTER VII.

The Stranger.

Roger, the next afternoon, walked up the steep hill that led from Marsh House to the village, crossed by the whitewashed farm that still held its country outpost against the new ideals, and went down, past the Bull Inn, between the blackened house-fronts whose line pointed to the fine, clean sweep of hills beyond. His errand was to post a letter or two; but behind the errand itself was the knowledge that all the folk who gossiped instead of taking healthy exercise would be laughing at the story of yesterday's hunt. He had organized the hunt, had led it; moreover, he was sore at heart; and his mood took him into the thick of hostile comment.

As he had guessed, there were smiles and gibes, and rudenesses for which, a generation since, his father would have plied his hunting crop. It was pleasant to these new comers into Marshcotes to know that "young Squire" had led out a hundred and twenty men yesterday to shoot one dog, and had returned without the spoil.

Half down the street, Benjamin Stott—who drifted from one alehouse to the other, like a blown autumn leaf—stood straddle-wise in the narrow street, blocking Roger's way. Ben was the biggest man in Marshcotes—and the strongest, as if drink had fed his strength for awhile instead of weakening it.

"I want a word wi' ye," he explained.

"Well, have it," said the other indolently.

"All folk is equal—that's what I have to say. Take the fine clothes off o' ye, and my poor rags fro' me, and

there's not a penny pice to choose betwixt us."

Roger let that point go by, as beyond reach of argument, and waited.

"That's granted, then," went on Benjamin, nodding his red head with sharp defiance. All street-corner orators have their mannerisms. "Then how does it happen that ye at the big house are free to fatten yourselves wi' meat and drink, while such as me have to slave for the price of a penny loaf?"

"The price of a twopenny drink, Benjamin."

Half the street was out by this time, and a laugh went up. Benjamin's head nodded with increasing fury. "You're calling me a drunkard to my face, then?"

"Yes," said Roger placidly. "It shows in your face."

The crowd of hostile folk grew more lenient to Roger. Orators more sober than Benjamin in habits of body, if not of mind, had been among them ceaselessly, stirring up hatred against any man who owned five acres or three thousand. But "Squire's son" was downright and sincere, and since the world began those are the two qualities that count.

The big man shifted his ground with some dexterity. "You hunted foxes all th' winter, while the poorer sort were sweating i' the mills. And now i' the summer you wanted something to hunt—and six-score o' ye went out against one lonesome dog."

"You're on the side of the fox?" said Roger.

"Ay, poor beast."

"Come out of your inn-parlors, and ask any man who rears fowls for profit what he thinks of the poor

beast. You're on the side of Red Ratcliffe, too, I take it?"

"A hundred and twenty men against one dog—and you call it sport. You're the laughing-stock o' the place, I tell ye. For my part, I've a tender heart, I have. I'm sorry for yond dog."

"You would be, Benjamin. You'd shed tears for any skulking thief about the moorside. Go and ask the farmers what they've lost since the lambing-time—they'll not listen to your talk of pitying Red Ratcliffe."

"Saucy and proud," snarled Benjamin. "We've reckoned ye up ye Squires, old and young, and we don't think much o' the breed."

Roger's temper snapped, because his father's honor was touched, the honor that needed to be guarded doubly since the Squire's confession of a private sinning. He just ran in at Benjamin Stott, and caught him a straight blow on the head that would have felled another man. Instead, it seemed only to rouse Ben from a drunkard's sleep. He fell back a pace or two, then came on with his arms swaying like a flail.

It was not Squire's son or parish loafer now. It was two men, with their passions naked to the public view, who fought in bitter earnest. And the women in the crowd were thrust back, because their men were keen on a hard fought match of any sort. In a dim way they understood that it was a battle of crude strength against the nerve and staying power of a racehorse breed; and in their hearts they favored Roger, who twice went down and who seemed palpably to have the odds against him.

He got up the second time dizzy and bewildered. And then his friends came to succor him—the men of his house who had fought aforetime, who had reared themselves and their sons on the fine tradition that a Wayne, or a Holt, must answer to the call of

need. Through a mist of darkness, lit by streaks of flame, he saw the face of Benjamin Stott, the big jaw with the pimples on it; and he shot his left out, sharp as a gunshot, and caught him on the chin.

For a moment—it seemed long in passing—he did not know whether he had lost or won. He was conquering a queer sickness that would not let him see or feel. Then he saw Ben Stott picking himself up in a dazed way, and moving by instinct to the nearest inn. He gathered his pride together—the pride that was more than meat or raiment to the Holts—and laughed as he went down the street—

"I've a few letters to post," he said, by way of explanation.

He came back from posting his letters. The steep street, with the sign-board of the Bull swaying gently at the top of it, was packed thick with people now. To his surprise, they made a lane for him, and one rough, gray-haired man clapped him on the shoulder as he passed.

"I thought thee an idle lad, young Squire—and durned if thou'st not a grown man. Thou'rt right about foxes—I keep an odd few hens myseln. Ay, thou'st a grown man."

"I'm growing," said Roger, with his heedless laugh. "Where's Benjamin?"

"Just drinking, lad, to cure a sore head. We'll never quit him o' the habit."

Roger loathed it all, as he went down the lane that had led once to the haunts of ancient peace. He would meet this new intrusion of the mills, as he had met other evils, with a sturdy front that hid many heartaches; but his instincts longed for the peace that had been, not for the thrifty war that loomed ahead. All his instincts were toward olden ways—each man knowing his station and its dignity, as well as its responsibilities—toward the com-

radeship that he had been born into with gentle and simple among the country folk. Even the mills' intrusion had not troubled him greatly until the last two years had brought an unrest that was spreading like some stealthy plague among the factory-hands. To-day's uproar in the street, his own loss of temper, the whole after-taste of the affair, brought him into sharp contact with reality. They might live their old, country life as they would, might forget on the hill-tops that the valleys down below were gray with steam; but at their gates was a mob, growing more unruly day by day as well-fed agitators moved among them, preaching the new gospel of bitterness and anarchy.

The dark mood was on him; and none but moor-bred men know, perhaps, the utter desolation and loneliness of soul that comes at these times. Some old, primeval sadness of the forefathers, warring with a harsh land to win a livelihood, seems to step out from the buried centuries and to take possession of a man. No courage, no humorous admission of its absurdity, can kill this mood at the moment of its utter darkness; it wraps present and future in a night that has no stars.

There was his father's confession, too; but for that he would not have mishandled Benjamin just now in Marshcotes-street. There was the unknown guest from Liverpool who was coming to break up the privacy of their life at Marsh. And there was Phineas Oldroyd, hard and dogged as his own machinery, who was willing still to buy Eller Beck Mead at a tempting price.

In the green hollow here, with June stepping like a fairy through the land and the home-stream singing many songs of old, Roger met temptation face to face again. He had thought the matter settled; but now

Oldroyd's offer appealed to him afresh. The two legacies would not go very far. There were disaffected folk who asked nothing better than to laugh at the downfall of the Holts. Why not take from the enemy the price of many years' security? Why not play on Oldroyd's longing to own the Mead until he had secured purchase-money enough to keep Marsh House secure?

He did not know the reason of his obstinacy. It seemed folly, as it had done once before when he met the same temptation. There was no dishonesty in the bargain; if Oldroyd were willing to offer a ridiculous price for the land that was his affair. To and fro the old arguments went. His courage burned very low.

Like the sheep-slayer, this bit of land was growing day by day to take a deeper hold of his imagination. Red Ratcliffe was no longer just a farm-dog that had taken to bad ways; the Mead was not only a pleasant hollow, filled with boyish memories; each stood for something more—one for the whole spirit of unrest and lawlessness that was abroad, the other for the old reign of steadfastness and charitable good order.

"We shall not sell," he said, as he had said nearly two years ago. His voice was tired, his whole air gloomy and dispirited; but, under all, there was a conviction, a strength, that had deepened with the passing of the months.

He disliked introspection—indeed disturbances of all kinds—and presently he shook himself out of this troublesome mood.

"After all, I'm easy-going," he thought. "They are all agreed about that."

He lingered at the bridge, looking over the parapet to watch the trout rising. Already he had forgotten half his troubles, and was deciding what

files he would use when Jack Lister and he went fishing an hour or so later.

He lifted his head suddenly, as the sound of hoofs came down Marshcotes-lane. Among other worries he had forgotten that a guest—a guest for life—was coming to-day. Down the slope of the hill he saw the Squire holding up his mare as she stepped gingerly, afraid of the sharp descent. Beside the Squire was a little lady, gowned like the summer in dainty clothes. Not in his life would Roger forget that picture, limned clear by the sun, that was setting over the tower of Marshcotes Church—the Squire busy with his mare, the girl beside him, her face alert. Desolation swept him through and through like an east wind that is bringing snow with it. There had been enemies outside Marsh House; but henceforward there would be a stranger, unknown, unproved, within their doors. The north-born man will go out to meet an enemy in the open; but they are jealous of intruders who cross the threshold of their privacy.

That trouble went. The Squire pulled up at the bridge, and the week in Lancashire seemed to have taken many years from his shoulders.

"Why, bless me, here's Roger," he said. "Adeline, this is the big son I told you of."

She smiled—a quick, confiding smile—as she held out her hand. Roger was bewildered for a moment. The picture he had made beforehand of this guest was so ludicrously at variance with the reality. She was little; she was suave and bonnie, bred obviously by gentlefolk.

"You are very welcome," he said lamely.

"I—I feel myself an intruder." Her voice was soft and pleasant, like herself. "It is kind of you to welcome me."

"Roger," said the Squire abruptly,

"what have you been doing to-day? Your face is knocked about a bit, my lad."

"I'd forgotten it, Sir. There was a—a discussion in Marshcotes, and I took part in it."

"So you would, God bless you. Did you argue well, Roger?"

"Fairly well, Sir."

Adeline, as the mare trotted forward, showed no sign that there was anything unusual in this greeting of a country father with a country son. She was quick of understanding, and knew already that she had stepped into a life whose ways were not her own. The Squire drove up to the door of Marsh, and Mrs. Holt came from weeding her pansy-bed to greet the stranger.

The two women looked frankly at each other. They had the freemasonry of sex, and knew that it was idle to attempt guile or blandishment. In that moment they chose their line of country through the coming years and would ride it obstinately.

"I bid you welcome," said Mrs. Holt, with a courtesy that had little warmth in it.

"We are going to make a country-woman of her," broke in the Squire. "I never knew the drive so short from Lancashire. Adeline here was asking questions all the way, like a child—clapped her hands when she caught her first glimpse of the heather—made friends with old Pendle as soon as she saw his round head against the sky—I tell you, she'll forget all her streets before we've had her with us for a year."

"They said it was so bleak up here, Mrs. Holt—and it is all so warm, so beautiful."

"We have our winters, my dear. Tell me what you think if it all—say, next January."

"But January is far away. I'm not afraid."

Roger came up in time to hear the pleasant laugh, and he wondered that he had ever thought so hardly of this guest. He resented the loss of family privacy no less, but the cause of it was claiming already a broad, charitable forgiveness.

Later in the afternoon, while Adeline was busy with the maid upstairs unpacking her boxes, Mrs. Holt sought Roger through the house and in the stables, and found him at last standing on the edge of the stream that bounded the foot of the steep garden. He was putting his rod together in readiness for Lister's coming, as if their fishing match were of more importance than the troubles of his house, the growing unrest in the factories, and the sharp battle he had fought in Marshcotes-street a few hours since. It was his way. Unless he had endeavor of some kind—riding hard, or shooting wild and wary game, or tempting fish to rise to a fly well chosen and well thrown—he could not find grace to meet the load that life had planted on his shoulders.

Mrs. Holt was too sore at heart, too jealous of the intruder who had come to spoil their life, to give check to her impatience.

"Dawdling, Roger?" she said sharply.

He did not turn for a moment; but, when he glanced round at her, he was smiling quietly.

"Yes, dawdling—I'm so easy-going, mother."

"I had a letter from Cicely this morning," she said by-and-by. "There was a postscript—to tell you that she hopes to be out of prison soon after the pheasants come in."

"She's game, mother—and I've missed her, somehow."

"Don't miss her when she comes back, Roger—oh, one grows too fond of an only son—one sees far, and is worried—Roger, that little girl who's

coming from Brussels is your luck."

She checked herself. Some change in the other—a sharp withdrawal, as if she had intruded on his privacy—warned her to be quiet. After all, she was glad, because it was plain that Cicely meant much to him.

It was not until they had watched the stream together, had taken counsel touching the right flies to use, that Mrs. Holt asked a second question.

"What do you think of Adeline?"

"She's like a kitten, mother—a well bred kitten—it might have been so much worse."

"My dear, I distrust velvet paws. They have such sharp nails under them."

"You're out of heart, mother. Give the child her chance. It is not easy for any of us—"

"The charity of you—and the harshness of you at unlikely moments—Roger, thirty years of your country here have taught me little, somehow."

"They've taught the moorside something. I heard a farm hand speak of you two days ago, mother—it was rough and ready, what he said—but the gist of it was that there are men who'd die for you up here."

"An out-of-date affair," said Mrs. Holt, with a flash of her old humor. "They had much better live for me, and begin by thrashing a firebrand or two out of Marshcotes."

"I'll give them your message," said Roger drily.

"No, my dear; on second thoughts, I'm not as fierce as I thought. We must just bide—we've been biding a long while, and know the way of it."

A stranger was settling, on this same day of June, in the Hebden Bridge country. He was not kittenish, but had this in common with the Squire's guest—he was very smooth of face and manner when faced by new surroundings.

The dog they named Barguest, or Red Ratcliffe, had crossed yesterday to Hardcastle Woods by way of Kittling Ford, had climbed the woodland on the further side till he won free of it, and had reached the wild, intaken land that lay beyond. He was making for the heather; but, just as he neared it, he came to a lone farmstead—a little, rough-built house set in the middle of the last ten acres that separated the grass land from the ling. His first thought was that there might be men here, carrying guns; and he was just swinging wide of danger when he saw a woman come from the laithe that was bigger than the house. She was carrying the limp body of a dog—a dog big and rough-coated as himself. He watched then, from sheer curiosity, saw her lay the body down in the croft and go to fetch a spade. He looked on while she dug a grave, and while she gave the limp dog a decent burial. No men were about, and he saw that she was crying as the last of the earth went over his dead brother. His luck was in, and he took prompt advantage of it. He was tired of the heather and surfeited with butchery.

Widow Shackleton, who had farmed the land since her husband died two years ago, felt that all her world was slipping from her. She had neither husband nor sheep dog now; and it was lonely on these heights without a male of any sort to discipline her vagrant fears.

Red Ratcliffe crept slowly up, looking right and left for signs of honest men. He came fawning to the widow's side, and looked up into her face with velvet eyes. He was the gentlest dog in Christendom.

"That's just what I said, though I didn't half believe it," said the widow patting him as if she feared he were a ghost that would melt at her touch. "I said losses were allus made up by

gains. See ye, lad, are ye clever at your trade?"

Red Ratcliffe courted inquiry; and the widow, who had learned common sense in a hard school, put him through his paces. She had lost three sheep to-day, and presently she took him up the moor to find them. He brought them down for her as if it were an everyday affair, asking neither praise nor comment; and that night, as he lay stretched in front of the peat fire, he tasted again the tranquil joys of honesty.

"Thou'rt clever, lad," said the widow; teasing him with her foot from time to time. "I thought there'd be another owd Rover—him I war burying when ye came out o' nowhere. Eh, but I'd a sore heart, I had. Rover war not so young as he was, to be sure, and was getting blind o' one eye, if not o' both; but he was all I had, and he died varry sudden."

The sheep-slayer looked up at her with sympathy. It was pleasant to be honest again, and to share confidences with human folk.

"All seemed slipping away, ye see," she went on, by-and-by. "First my good man went. Then I lost a cow I' the calving, and after that three ewes died o' foot-rot. And my hay was spoiled wi' rain next year. It's ill-weather meets a body when her man leaves her. So I couldn't spare Rover."

The woman's voice was hard and quiet. Pain of heart and soul had to jostle with such practical matters as the loss of a cow or a hay-crop—not because the pain was trifling, but because it is desperately hard to win a living from the high, intaken lands, and emotion is driven deep for lack of time to give it outlet.

"Thou'st a good sort of dog," she went on. "My man he never would let Rover sleep i' th' house—said it spoiled a farm-cur for his work—but I

reckon he didn't sleep i' th' barn after I was left to my lonesome. When a body's alone, wi' the wind singing thin i' th' chimbley stack, she listens for boggarts; but, when she's a dog wi' her—why, there's the two o' ye, and naught matters so much."

It was so that Red Ratcliffe—from the tone of the widow's voice, from the rough caress she gave him—knew himself an outlaw no longer. He was trusted, was needed; and the discipline licked into him in puppyhood answered sharply to the call.

The four-footed people, may be, have their repentances, hard come by and sincere. At any rate, temptation took Red Ratcliffe by the throat often and often during the days that followed, and he did not yield. Instead, he did the farm work diligently; and o' nights, when he felt the impulse to go out of doors in search of carnage, he would glance up at the widow, sitting mute and sorrowful beside the hearth, and would stay at home instead. At heart he was a good dog, wishing to be good; some wildness in the blood, linked with instability of purpose, had bidden him taste sheep-flesh and go on tasting it. But he was glad to make atonement now.

He did the widow's work for her by day, and at nights he was never too drowsy to listen to her tales of yesterday. A great friendship ripened between these two; for the gift of speech is of small account when comrades link the silences into a golden thread of amity. However he chanced to die—red, with the blood of slain sheep on his jaws, or sleek in the service of respectability—those months he spent at the hill-top farm would be counted to him for righteousness. He had succored a down-hearted woman in her need; he waited on her diligently, forgetting the sharp word, the impatient blow, that came from a temper frayed and rough. He eased

her path to the grave whose mortal six-by-two lay nearer than she dreamed.

Away over the hill, the folk of Marshcotes grew accustomed to Red Ratcliffe's absence, as not long ago they had grown used to the superstition that the Wayne dog was haunting the moorside once more. Little by little, as the year advanced and no more sheep were worried, the farmers forgot old troubles in meeting new ones; and the Red Dog was spoken of casually nowadays, when the lighter spirits of the moorside would ask, with the amazing innocence that hid much guile, if there was soon to be another hunt—six-score men with guns setting out to kill a phantom hound. Once or twice a free fight ensued, for those who had shared in the hunt were sensitive to ridicule of this sort; and, after that, Red Ratcliffe shared the fate of most folk who leave a countryside. He grew first to be a memory, and then he was forgotten.

Even at Marsh House it seemed that the deeper and more ancient fear of Barguest was sleeping, too. August had brought in the shooting days, and the old Squire had taken his place at the butts with a clear eye and a steady hand. It seemed to those who watched him closely, because they loved the man, that a great load had been lifted from his shoulders; and like Jack Lister was not jealous when now and then the Squire's bag was heavier than his own.

"There's life in the old ones yet, Jack!" said the Squire, at the end of one of these good days. "Oh, you shoot well, you youngsters—but it's experience that tells. Bless me, I held a gun before you were born or thought of, Jack. Aim at the head, my lad, not at the feathers—you've a lot to learn."

Like Jack admitted as much, though by precept and long practice he had

learned the gospel of aiming at the head. It pleased him to humor this new mood of the Squire's, who was like a man risen from a sick bed to show that the sap of life was in his veins.

Adeline—the cause and healing of the Squire's unrest—was taking her place these days among her neighbors. Strangers were apt to wait five years or so before they found acceptance among a people distrustful of intrusion; but Adeline was so suave, so bonnie, and so likeable, that she disarmed them. She did not ride, or shoot, or walk thirty miles across the uplands for pastime, as the women of the country did. She made no pretence of doing it; but she was always on the moor when the men were eating their sandwiches between the last drive of the morning and the first of the afternoon. She was concerned to know how each had fared, made each of them believe that his success was the one happiness she craved. And the men preened their feathers—for human vanity dies hard—and each one of them believed that this pretty ward of the Squire's thought him the one doughty knight the world had ever had. It was Adeline's gift—a dangerous gift—that, from her frailty and ignorance of all field sports, she could persuade hard-riding men that she knew and understood them. She was, as Roger had said, a kitten in their midst.

On the last day of August, when Roger came home from the moors with the knowledge that partridge would be in to-morrow, he overtook Mrs. Holt in the lane. She had been nursing a child ill with croup at an outlying farmstead, while the mother snatched three hours of sleep; and in her face, as she turned at the sound of Roger's step, there was that free and spacious light which reminds men of the heaven overhead.

"What of the day's sport?" she asked, with instinctive return to the workaday world and the needs of her men folk.

"Oh, good. Father was in high spirits, and he shot better than I'll Jack. It was good to see him—as if the third legacy had come in earnest."

"I must forgive Adeline, though she's broken up our privacy," said Mrs. Holt, as if she spoke with effort. "Your father has been a new man since she came. She has—has eased his conscience, somehow."

The unrest of the times was on them both, here where the trees on either side the road were getting into their brave, autumn clothes. There was thunder in the air—a brewing up of passions, doubts of God and man, eagerness to gain material ease at any cost of right conduct and quiet thinking—that was not peculiar to Marshcotes village. Throughout the land there was unrest. The rich men asked to be richer. The poor men asked only to be less poor. Money was the little god that ruled the land. And the spirit of a nation—sordid, or keen to climb the heights—goes abroad like a wind, reaching the remotest hamlets.

"Roger," said Mrs. Holt, wearing her heart on her sleeve this once, "we're standing in Barguest lane, you and I. I was frightened by the sheep-stealer—you remember?—when he brushed past me on the road last April. He was no phantom, as it happened—but our own ghost stays on."

"What ghost, mother?"

"The pad-footed dog, my dear. I want to lay him—you know he haunts us day and night—and you can help me."

Roger knew well enough that they had been haunted, every Wayne and Holt of them, by the tradition that had stalked up and down the lane for three hundred years or so; but he

laughed, because the joy of a good day's shooting was with him.

"There are no ghosts, little mother—except a queer sort of hunger that makes me want to get indoors."

"Listen, Roger. You can eat a good meal later on. Trouble seems to help one to think clearly, somehow, and it all showed so plainly to me just now as I came down the lane. I can tell you what it is that haunts you Holts—what haunted the Waynes before you."

She was so earnest, so unlike her usual breezy self, that Roger yielded to her mood. "If we knew that, we should be half way to ridding ourselves of Barguest," he said quietly.

"There was Shameless Wayne—long since—who could never fight, they said, until the odds in front were three to one. He drank and dined and what not in between whiles. There was another Wayne, who lived in sloth until he was asked to ride through fire and havoc. There is—your father, who would die gallantly if need asked, but he dreads the commonplace routine of living. Down the generations, Roger, it's the same. You must have the trumpet-note to lead you into battle—the strong excitement—or you sit at home."

He knew it true, and his temper fired—the hot, ungovernable temper that showed so seldom, and, on that account, broke more fiercely through restriction. He conquered himself; and Mrs. Holt knew somehow that his silence was a tribute to the love he had for her. And yet she would not spare him, because she wished to lash him into enterprise.

"I don't sit much at home, mother," he said at last.

"No, you spend your days on the moor, and come home thinking of the birds you've shot to-day, and of partridges to-morrow—as if, Roger, the big world about us were not being

turned upside down. There's denial everywhere—unfaith and laughter at the things that matter—and the Holts, father and son, go on shooting grouse as if the world went very well."

"What would you have us do, mother?"

"Go down among them, laddie—with your two hands and your courage—and show them that the Holts are not living in yesterday, but in to-morrow. Teach them that breed tells in the long run—there, Roger, I've been fey, I think. The dream has gone—the big, gallant dream I had of you. And you're hungry. Let's go down to supper."

September ran its course. The Squire and Roger stalked wary partridge up the pastures, and came home with riotous appetites. Adeline, by gift of yielding to her new surroundings, grew quickly into the regard of a countryside that was not prone to welcome newcomers. Already men began to drop in after tea at Marsh House, because the Squire's ward was so gentle with their infirmities, so pleasantly alive to the odd virtues they possessed.

And then October and the pheasants came—October, the man's month of the year, when ale is ripe as the brown leaves, when the sun is round and mellow, smiling at the stubble-fields where he has watched his harvesters gather in the crop. And about the middle of the month, as Roger came home from a long day's sport by way of the highroad that led past Old-field to the corner of Tim's-lane, a dogcart came up the hill. As it drew nearer, and he saw who it was that held the reins, his heart went thumping like a boy's. The unrest and the waiting of two years were cancelled in a moment. Like wine taken after long abstinence, the sight of her made him dizzy for awhile. She was just too good to be true, somehow, and

from dawn to dusk of many waiting days there had been none but Cicely.

When the gig came to the top of the rise Cicely pulled up sharply, handed the reins to her father, and ran forward with both hands outstretched in frank and honest greeting. Then, half in mockery, she remembered the deportment learned in Brussels, and bowed gravely to him.

"Bon jour, monsieur. J'espère que vous trouvez bien."

"I'm very fit, Cicely, and we've had a great shoot to-day," said Roger with blunt laughter.

"Ah, ze sport? Assez bien. Ces beaux Anglais—ze shoot—ze gun—it is all they think of."

"You may talk English, Cicely."

"I—pardonnez-moi, I have—what do you call it?—have forgotten. C'est difficile, après deux années, de parler ze—ze patois du pays."

"You're fooling, child," said Roger, with a feeling that life was going very well again.

And then she laughed, as if bells were ringing up the moor, and she reached out both her hands to him. "It is very good to be home, Roger," she said.

The Squire had been kept indoors by gout that day; but he forgot the martyrdom when his son returned.

"You have had a good day, Roger?"

"The best of my life, Sir."

"I knew it, lad. Your face tells tales. You've hit three out o' four—through the head, eh? None of your modern bungling?"

So then Roger went over the day's adventures. If the Squire could not be out on the uplands, he must needs enjoy the sport at second hand.

"Bless me, the cheery look of your face!" he said. "I feel just like that

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too the day when I've come home with a decent bag."

But Mrs. Holt, who had also seen the look on Roger's face, knew that he had met Cicely again. She had cared too much for him, sorrowed too much, to be at fault; and she was sure at last that, however the world went with him, there would come no second woman into Roger's heart.

"It has been a good day for me," she said gently. "The pleasantest day I ever spent."

"What have you been doing, mother? Gardening, I'll be bound—putting your chysanthemums into winter quarters—"

"Yes. I've been gardening. There are worse occupations. Winter is coming on, but shall I tell you what I saw to-day? All my flowers in bloom—every seed I ever planted growing high and thrifty. There is great luck coming to you, Roger."

They did not laugh at her, the man with gout and the younger man who a moment since had been thinking only of slain partridges and a hunger that was crying out for food. She, from the south country, had touched the fire that smoulders at the heart of north-born men. Some call it a fire of windle-straws, soon lit and soon returning to dead ashes; but those who know them best know, too, that it is a steady flame which will not go out this side of Judgment Day.

"I'll go to meet it, mother," said Roger, with his boyish laugh.

"Yes, do, my dear—go up the hills to meet it."

"I know your mother's speaking truth, Roger," said the old Squire testily, "but you don't guess how gout is playing the devil with my feet."

(To be continued.)

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

When the stir of thought caused by the publication in *The Times* of Charlotte Brontë's four letters to Professor Heger¹ has subsided, it will be found that they do not add substantially to our knowledge of one whose self-expression in her books was entire. They furnish, it is true, biographical facts, and they reveal the extent of the Professor's irresponsiveness; but the task of the psychological critic of the future will be, as in the past, to define the exact nature of Charlotte Brontë's spiritual emotion. And in all probability we shall find the truth somewhere between the opinions formerly advanced by Mr. Clement Shorter and Mr. Angus MacKay; always bearing in mind, when making our estimate, Charlotte Brontë's intense craving for human sympathy, and the cruelty of circumstance which compelled the waste of her faculty for friendship. Mr. MacKay, without attempting to cast the slightest aspersion on her character, maintained that she was smitten with a veritable passion, and laid stress on the predominance of the love agony in her pages, of the theme of unrequited affection, of the frequency of love scenes between master and pupil, of Heger's appearance under different forms in all her books. He was the first man of intellectual gifts with whom she had associated, and "the ripening of friendship and gratitude into a stronger feeling would be by imperceptible stages, and she herself would not know when that line was crossed. . . ." In this sense Mr. MacKay interpreted the passage in Charlotte Brontë's letter that she returned to Brussels against her conscience and was punished by the withdrawal for two years of happiness and peace of

¹ *The Living Age*, Sept. 8, 1913.

mind; and the further statement: "I think, however long I live, I shall not forget what the parting of M. Heger cost me." Against this we have Mr. Shorter's warning that it is "an act of treachery to a great writer's memory to attempt to pry too closely into his heart." In his opinion, Charlotte Brontë kept all such thoughts well in subjection; only, perhaps, when in a neurotic state she "permitted herself to think of the might-have-beens of life."

There is at least no doubt that Charlotte Brontë's sojourn at Brussels was the intellectual turning-point of her life, and that had it not been for Heger's mental drilling, it is doubtful whether her subsequent writings would have taken the shape they did. She had, during childhood and girlhood, covered reams of paper with her tiny writing, but not one of these stories now possesses independent interest. Miss Frederika Macdonald² has told us that it was Heger who first persuaded Charlotte Brontë that art was necessary to carry conviction to the reader; that the man of genius does not produce without labor; and that genius without art is like force without the lever.

It may therefore be asserted that Brussels was the intellectual stimulus of Charlotte Brontë's creative faculty, and partially the moral one; and more than this it is not permissible to add. For a study of her writings convinces that the melancholy impression they leave is not from unrequited affection, but from the circumstances which made it imperative for their heroines to win love. And here we touch the autobiographical roof-tree of Charlotte Brontë's house of fame. It is the dis-

² "The Brontës at Brussels," in the "Woman at Home," July, 1894.

harmonies of her life—passion and hypochondria, love of sociality and enforced solitude.

One of Charlotte Brontë's characteristics most strongly emphasized by Mrs. Gaskell is her constitutional absence of hope, and we see in *Villette* how insistently the heroine confesses to this trait. Of course, the roll of tragedies in her life was a heavy one. It began in 1825, when she was nine years old, with the deaths of her elder sisters Maria and Elizabeth, and concluded in 1848-9, when the events of a few months were the death of her disgraced brother Branwell, and the deaths from consumption of her remaining sisters, Emily and Anne. And yet there were causes other than external which forbade happiness to Charlotte Brontë. Her malady of hypochondria was as much physical as mental. "My art halts at the threshold of hypochondria," says Dr. John in *Villette*; "she just looks in and sees a chamber of torture, but can neither say nor do much. Cheerful society would be of use——" But perhaps the fullest exposition is that of Crimsworth in the *Professor*:—

"She (Hypochondria) had been my acquaintance, nay, my guest, once before in boyhood; I had entertained her at bed and board for a year; for that space of time I had her to myself in secret; she lay with me, she ate with me, she walked out with me, showing me nooks in woods, hollows in hills, where we could sit together, and where she could drop her drear veil over me and so hide sky and sun, grass and green tree; taking me entirely to her death-cold bosom, and holding me with arms of bone. What tales she would tell me at such hours! What songs she would recite in my ears! How she would discourse to me of her own country—the grave—and again and again promise to conduct me there ere long; and drawing me to the very brink of a black, sullen river, show me, on the other side, shores unequal

with mound, monument, and tablet, standing up in a glimmer more hoary than moonlight. 'Necropolis!' she would whisper, pointing to the pale piles, and add, 'It contains a mansion prepared for you.'"

The cheerful society which Dr. John prescribed for Lucy Snowe was too often withheld from Charlotte Brontë. We see this dependence upon surroundings in the heroines of her books and in herself; how, when outer impressions became less acute, the mind preyed upon itself. When she returned to Brussels, her friend Mary Taylor tells us that now that "she had become acquainted with the people and ways her life became monotonous, and she fell into the same hopeless state as at Miss Wooler's." The author of a recent critical work has censured Byron because he was first a man and then a poet, because the external world was more real to him than the internal. It is this disharmony between the two worlds that made the tragedy of Charlotte Brontë's life and gave to her writings their note of piercing regret. And at last, when a chance of happiness did offer itself, she scarcely dared step forward and secure it. She yielded to her father's objections to her marriage because her unhoping nature, to which circumstances had given tragic corroboration, made her a timid loiterer on the shore of the sea of life.

Turning to her writings, we will speak first of the *Professor*, which, in spite of its many rejections and tardy birth, is a book that still gives pleasure to read, independent of its mighty successors. It sounds no great depth of human character, and is not fervid with passion; but it is not exclusively the chrysalis whence emerged in later years the brilliant butterfly of *Villette*. Except passion, we have all the constituents of the style that subsequently underwent development rather than

change; but the faults of construction, never entirely eliminated, are at their worst. The interest is well sustained because of the writer's sincerity, but threads are dropped and resumed at random, contrasts, as between Crimsworth and his brutal brother, are too glaring, and the episodes are out of proportion. The surroundings of X— (Huddersfield) and Crimsworth Hall are so admirably depicted that we are loth to part with them for good in the course of a few pages; and although incidents succeed without pause, they do not at once dissipate the regrets in the reader's mind. The theme is one that Charlotte Brontë was afterwards to treat with greater power: that of an individual without friends or fortune who must fight his way to happiness through a hostile world. But the interest centres less in individual character than in the contrast of the Belgian type with the English, and the observation of Belgian school life through English eyes. It is the writer's conviction of the truth of this observation that gives the book its permanent value.

Both French and Belgian character are treated from the insular point of view. The cry of the exile and the heretic rings throughout the book. No greater tribute can be paid to any custom than to say it recalls something English. When Crimsworth and Pelet take coffee together, the comfort is "almost English." It is the English accent of Frances Henri that first thrills Crimsworth's heart. Part of his love is the satisfaction in her presence of the exile's yearning.

In *Jane Eyre* the quality of passion appears. In the *Professor* the words returned no echoes, the interval between the striking of the notes was not filled by the pedal-music of passion. There was the same difference as between the classical school of Pope and the romantic school of Words-

worth. In one the object is seen clearly against a clean sky; in the other it is transfigured by haze or cloud or distance. In the first there is beauty; in the second, beauty and strangeness.

This quality of strangeness springs from the union of passion and imagination, which transfigure the ordinary scenes of life, and we listen to her in gathering awe as to the traveller from whose lips fall tidings of unknown lands. In a book such as the *Pilgrim's Progress* our fear is of the burning pit; in the *Faerie Queene* of dragons and enchanters; but in *Jane Eyre* it is of something vague and unformed. It differs from the earlier books as the terrors of the Puritan of the seventeenth century differed from those of the believing-agnostic of the nineteenth, as *Grace Abounding* differed from *Sartor Resartus*. The power in its essence is that of the mind to transmute by means of emotion, to modify external scenes according to the joy or sorrow of which they have been the witnesses; and it is effective in proportion as memory or the subconscious self in sleep or dreams tinge the pictures of the past with deeper shades. Even the child who reads the *Pilgrim's Progress* finds such objects as the wicket-gate, the footpath, the stile between two fields, transfigured by the writer's spiritual fervor. And for this reason the industry which has identified all the places mentioned in the Brontë novels with their originals is, from the literary point of view, misplaced. In reading *Jane Eyre* we cannot help feeling mildly surprised when a chance allusion reminds us that the scene is laid in a northern or north-midland county, or even in England at all. Our state of mind is inverse to that of the individual who read *Gulliver's Travels* and looked for Lilliput on the map. We should recall a pregnant

sentence in an *Athenæum*¹ article on Charlotte Brontë: "Crises and partings, journeys and reunions, in her pages sometimes seem to tell of people in more mysterious lands and on more mysterious seas than ours. They speak of souls rather than of bodies."

Charlotte Brontë is more akin to the poets of the romantic revival than to the other leading English novelists, all of whom have one thing in common that she has not. They are profoundly concerned with the things of this world; while with her we feel that the earth is but one point with an "unfathomed gulf" on each side, that all the rest is "formless cloud and vacant depth," and we shudder "at the thought of tottering and plunging amid that chaos." A book like *Jane Eyre* belongs to no epoch or state of society; it is simply a story told by a lonely human being. The action of Fielding, of Scott, of Miss Austen, of George Eliot, takes place on the sunlit plain: with Charlotte Brontë it is fought out on inaccessible mountains, among sharp peaks, or in deep valleys where the shadows lie thickest.

The causes of this must be sought in those conditions of Charlotte Brontë's life which combined to render her morbid. For she was not by nature austere; she had a passionate craving for companionship and for love, and a passionate apprehension of the beauty of the world. Her love of color is seen not only in her descriptions of nature—in moonlit skies and blossoming orchards—but in details such as dress fabrics and the decorations of a room. But she was condemned, even before the death of her sisters, to much suffering and solitude, as in her governess days and the fateful second year at Brussels. She sought the consolations of love, because these alone could absorb her mind and interpose between it and the

empty horizons of life—as some persons turn to an unreasoned faith from the horrors of scepticism. It is the morbidity that springs from solitary brooding, from the constitutional absence of hope that Mrs. Gaskell noted, and from lowness of vitality, that casts those strange shadows over the landscape of her novels. The feeling may be communicated by a simple descriptive touch, as when *Jane Eyre* at twilight turns with a shudder from the closet where her "wraith-like" wedding apparel hangs; but more usually by the aspects of nature. Charlotte Brontë's kinship to the poets is nowhere more unquestioned than in her treatment of nature. To say that nature forms the background of the action is to understate the case. Nature grieves or rejoices with the actors, warns of coming danger, blends with their minds and reflects their emotions. And the scent of flowers, the loneliness of a road, the desolation of the moors, the changes of the season or of night and day, the tinkle of streams that thread remote hill-passes, heard in the quiet of evening—seem to suggest how slender a foothold has man on life and happiness, and how great the mystery that lies beyond. Small wonder that Rochester tells *Jane Eyre* she has the look of another world on her face.

It is the disharmony of her life, as it was and as it might have been, that forms the persistent motive in Charlotte Brontë's novels. How often do we find a repetition in the spirit of that scene early in the *Professor* where Crimsworth, grudgingly admitted to his brother's house, casts yearning glances at the group of girls "enveloped in silvery clouds of white gauze and muslin," and feels himself isolated and ignored. These feelings of injustice and exclusion must have been Charlotte Brontë's when, as governess, she had experience of "the

¹ April 7th, 1900.

dark side of 'respectable' human nature." "A complaint to the mother only brings black looks on myself," she wrote; and, "I find it so hard to repel the rude familiarity of children." Her inability to deal with children is not surprising when we recall her own motherless childhood, and the serious pursuits that took the place of games at Haworth Parsonage.

The charge of faulty construction is frequently brought against Charlotte Brontë's novels; indeed, the least critical reader must suffer at times from having his interest in old scenes violently uprooted and transferred. If something is conceded to the requirements of autobiography, the residue can only be explained as the defects of Charlotte Brontë's qualities. The difficulties of the literary artist, like those of the orator, are not in linking one subject to another, but in keeping the whole before his readers or audience, so that the entire weight of the argument presses on their minds. In *David Copperfield*, Dickens, though flitting from scene to scene, keeps his communications open, because his action takes place on the broad earth, unlike the spiritual heights of Charlotte Brontë. With her, each winding of the valley is shut off by a wall of rock. No sooner does the heroine quit her surroundings than they are swallowed up in darkness. The episodes are successive catastrophes whence she alone escapes to tell the tale. It is the predominance of soul-history that causes this periodical quenching of the interest: the abrupt dismissal from the circle of the narrative of those whose work in stimulating the emotions of the central figure is done. We can well believe that Lowood stood in a hollow girdled by hills like barriers of separation between it and the living world. That Mr. Rochester should have heard independently of Mr.

Brocklehurst, that Jane Eyre while at Thornfield should revisit Gateshead, come with a shock of surprise. That roads should exist and communications pass between such places, strains our credulity as much as the second part of the *Pilgrim's Progress* when Christiana follows in her husband's steps through the dread country.

The second scene of the book takes place at Lowood Orphan Asylum, subsequently identified with Cowan Bridge. All Charlotte Brontë's best work had a basis of reality, and perhaps she never wrote anything more poignant than the description of Lowood and the character of Helen Burns. In homely but graphic words she speaks of physical hardships and privations; not the least distressing of her pictures is that of the pale thin girls herded in the garden veranda, during the hour of recreation, where the sound of a hollow cough was not infrequent. The prototype of Helen Burns was Maria Brontë, whose beautiful mind was mated with untidy habits; and these made her the victim of the pitiless Miss Scatcherd. The shock of witnessing the indignities meted to her idolized sister permanently affected Charlotte Brontë's mental health, and explains the freshness of indignation with which the lines of the picture are wrought after twenty-five years of suppressed but passionate brooding. It is in the death of Helen Burns from consumption that the feeling of strangeness is most accentuated; when Jane Eyre, returning at sunset from wandering in the woods, inquires after her friend, and receiving the answer, "She will not be here long," seeks the sick chamber through the rambling old house by moonlight.

The central episode of *Jane Eyre* is Thornfield, and here Charlotte Brontë abandoned her resolve never to af-

fect "one feeling on any subject that I do not really experience." Some of the less essential matter was reproduced from her own life; the following passage in one of her letters expresses feelings akin to those of Jane among Mr. Rochester's guests: "The only glimpses of society I have ever had were obtained in my vocation as governess, and some of the most miserable moments I can recall were passed in drawing-rooms full of strange faces." But the truth of the autobiography lies in its inwardness; as Jane Eyre says to Mr. Rochester: "It is my spirit that addresses your spirit." Many as are the indictments of Rochester, we cannot condemn one who is responsible for the rise of such an Aladdin's palace of joy in a lonely heart. Also, the characters of the book are developed in proportion as they affect the heroine's inner life, and every event moves us according as it advances or retards the happiness for which she craves. When, towards the close, we hear of the burning of Thornfield, we tremble till we know that Rochester has escaped, but it is less for his own sake than for Jane's.

Shirley is the table-land between the peaks of *Jane Eyre* and *Villette*. It is founded on observation and hearsay rather than inner experience; only at times, as we traverse its broad spaces, do we light upon autobiographical rock. The action takes place in 1811-12, the years of the Luddite riots, stories of which had been told to Charlotte Brontë as a child by her father, who had first-hand acquaintance with some of the events, and by her school-mistress, Miss Wooler. But Charlotte Brontë leavened the historical characters with many of her own generation. And *Shirley* may be described as her most social book because the interest is diffused among a score of persons, not centred in one. Among the more

favoured of these it is Charlotte Brontë, the sister of Emily and Anne, who speaks, the Charlotte Brontë who was beloved by her schoolfellows at Roe Head, who spent week-ends with her friends, Ellen Nussey and Mary Taylor, and in the house of the latter took part in fiery political discussions, opposing her Tory immobility to Radical onsets. With the less favored, it is Charlotte Brontë, the somewhat sententious little clergyman's daughter. In any case, *Shirley* is her most persistent attempt at a novel of manners, and to bring into artistic focus characters of independent interests.

There are structural faults in *Shirley*; the groups of characters lack fusion, and are not tributaries of one main narrative stream. The action is slow-moving, incident arises chiefly from the shocks of antagonistic characters. And, despite the extraordinary vividness with which these characters start up on her pages, they hardly satisfy the requirements of a novel of manners in being typical. But these are defects of Charlotte Brontë's qualities. She had, as Swinburne said, "the very rarest of all powers or faculties of imagination applied to actual life and individual character." Like her sister Anne, she transcribed what was before her eyes, but the methods of the two differed as photography from portrait-painting. The first reproduces reality in the light of common day; the second links its subjects, with all their personal idiosyncrasies, to the ideas of which they are the symbols, and so discovers a path into the infinite. Anne had neither the imagination nor the powerful intellect capable of brooding intensely over the real till it was transfigured into the ideal. And yet Charlotte Brontë did not divine how literal were her renderings of nature; she once wrote to Ellen Nussey that she only suffered reality to "suggest," never to "dictate." Circum-

stances confuted her theory, for the publication of *Shirley* marked the term of her anonymity as a writer.

Yet, with all their vividness, the figures in *Shirley* are seen rather in low relief than rounded completeness. For Charlotte Brontë lacked that higher kind of humor which can view shocks of temperament with an indulgent if melancholy smile. She saw matter for tears rather than smiles in the seeming-small imperfections by which happiness is just missed both for self and others, and at those sharp angles of character which intercept the sunlight from neighboring spirits. And her method of satirizing the foibles she deemed most harmful proved her range of sympathies to be but narrow. The words "subjective" and "objective" have fallen into ill repute, yet they do contain a meaning expressed by no others. All classification is arbitrary, but there does exist a point, below which when the mind narrows, and above which when it broadens, communications may not pass. And Charlotte Brontë's place is on the subjective side.

In Xenophon's *Memorabilia* Socrates observes that human beings must tolerate each other's faults because they require each other; and this was precisely inapplicable to Charlotte Brontë. With strong leanings towards sociality, she had been condemned to live in isolation till her habits grew fixed and she became independent and fastidious. "For society, long seclusion has in a great measure unfitted me," she once wrote to Mr. W. S. Williams; "I doubt whether I should enjoy it if I might have it. Sometimes I think I should, and I thirst for it; but at other times I doubt my capability of pleasing or deriving pleasure. The prisoner in solitary confinement, the toad in the block of marble, all in time shape themselves to their lot." Hence there is a certain unkindness in her

satire, there is "the keenness of home criticism" directed against a world she viewed with the detachment of a spectator. She had also the spirit of reprisal; she hits back because she has been hit. The shortcomings on which she lays her finger are those which must have jarred the sensitiveness of the recluse who at rare intervals ventures into the world. When she speaks of Mr. Donne's harsh voice and vulgarly presumptuous and familiar style, we can well believe it was that voice and that style which had thrown her nerves into an agony; it would have pleased her to think that he had read the passage and winced at the allusion. How great is the gulf between the equanimity of Miss Austen, or the wide-embracing tolerance of George Eliot, who shows how the limitations of humble intellects recoil as much upon themselves as upon the susceptibilities of others.

The action of the book moves slowly as one group or another hold the stage. Now we are with *Shirley* under the oak beams of Fieldhead, now with the Yorkes at Briarcliff, now at the Rectory or Hollows Cottage; anon the curates are called in to make sport for us. But the two central characters are Caroline Helstone and *Shirley* Keeldar; and if one can say that the interest of the book is ever brought to a focus, it is in their love for the brothers Moore. Caroline has some kinship with the heroines of Byron's romances, the Zuleikas and Medoras, in whom passive natures and mild manners co-exist with power to love greatly. She is believed to be a composition of Ellen Nussey and Anne Brontë, but the mind is that of Charlotte herself. We do not feel the immense solitudes that surround Jane Eyre and Lucy Snowe; it is rather the social side of Charlotte that is revealed. No doubt the charming externals are borrowed from Ellen and

Anne, and also such qualities of temperament as sensitiveness to the moods of others, and renunciation without a struggle. But when the depths of character are laid bare it is Charlotte Brontë herself. Yet Anne also was at times subject to religious melancholy, and we are reminded of both sisters when phrases escape from Caroline such as, "Every path trod by human feet terminates in one bourne—the grave," or "The soul's real hereafter, who shall guess?"

Shirley herself was admitted by Charlotte Brontë to be a representation of Emily's lighter side. Except her love of animals, there is little in Shirley to recall anything we know of Emily, and in her social leanings there is one strange anachronism. There is truth in the criticism that Caroline was the child of nature and Shirley the creature of circumstance. To Shirley's position of heiress is due some portion of her charm; to the simplicity of character, the wistfulness and nonchalance that she preserves amid riches, to her forlorn bearing when surrounded by her worldly relations. And interest is heightened in her by a number of external touches. Compared with the "snow-white dove" of Caroline, she is the "gem-tinted bird of paradise." She is interesting by her purple silk dress and embroidered scarf, and by the daintiness of her appurtenances—the small satin bag, the clean, delicate glove—that the adoring Louis Moore finds scattered about her desk.

Such are the impressions left by a saunter through the long gallery of *Shirley*, and a survey of the portraits as they hang in the strongly marked light and shade of the author's predilections. And if their eyes haunt us long after we have turned away, it is because they were limned by no hasty hand. When Helstone or Yorke—to name no others—are first intro-

duced, we feel at once how intimately known to the author they are,—because their intense individuality is the outcome of years of mental attrition. And *Shirley* was Charlotte Brontë's most social book; there is a joyousness in it which, although not persistent, breaks out at intervals through the whole, despite the triple catastrophe that suspended its making. Over the favored characters is shed something of the charm of an age that has passed away. The Briarfield that Charlotte Brontë knew was already submerged by the manufacturing tide, but in her pages Fieldhead stands amid green fields, and Hollows Mill is the one blot on the unblackened country. There is Nunnely Common "pearled with daisies and golden with kingcups," and Nunnwood, "the sole remnant of antique British forest." A ramble through the *Shirley* country would be of endless profit to the Brontë enthusiast. The reverse of this was said about *Jane Eyre*; and although *Villette* is in part a novel of manners, at any moment mists may roll down the mountains to blot out the villages at their base and make us wanderers in the strange country of the soul.

Three years intervened between the publication of *Shirley* and *Villette*; they were the bitterest of Charlotte Brontë's life. Death had been busy in her circle, and had justified her constitutional absence of hope. "I have seen her turn pale and feel faint," said one of her friends in former days, "when in Harishead Church someone accidentally remarked that we were walking over graves. Charlotte was certainly afraid of death, not only of dead bodies or dying people. She dreaded it as something horrible." That not only Charlotte but Emily and Anne also were preoccupied with the physical aspects of death, abundant allusions in their novels and poems

testify. Perhaps the situation of Haworth Parsonage and their familiarity from childhood with the facts of mortality account for the churchyard taint in their writings. But if this impersonal dread was present to Charlotte in happier days, how was it now when thrice within a few months she had seen "a marble calm succeed the last dread agony"? What her life was during those years we may see from her letters; how she sat in a lonely room with the clock ticking loud through a still house, and thought of the three laid in their narrow dark dwellings; how the arrival of the post was her one link with the world, but when day after day brought nothing, her spirits fell so low that she was shocked at her dependence on it; how the exercise of imagination alone afforded her pleasure, but "even imagination will not dispense with the ray of domestic cheerfulness." The visits she paid to London tended but slightly to mitigate her lot. Habit had unfitted her to enter the social territories conquered by her genius, and the physical pains produced by shyness were unabated. True happiness existed for her only in the brief visits of her friend Ellen. When at her worst, in the winter of 1851-2, she found it needful to anticipate a visit which she had conscientiously postponed till the work, eagerly desired by her publishers, was in their hands. "Let me see your dear face just for one reviving week," she wrote; and when this week was over, her next letter concludes: "I do miss my dear companion. No more of that calm sleep." Hence there is a note of sharper anguish in *Villette*; the shadow of a bereaved home falls on every page. We have travelled far from the sociality of *Shirley*; we have returned, with fuller experience, to the bleakness of *Jane Eyre*. And over the new territories of her soul that Charlotte

Brontë opens to our view is shed something of the pallor of a lunar landscape.

We have only to read the first pages of *Villette* to realize that it springs from a mind surcharged with sorrow. Hazlitt likened the effect of Dante's poetry to that produced by gazing on the face of one who had seen an object of horror; and so we feel that the author of *Villette* has watched in the death-chamber and heard by the graveside the rattle of earth on coffins. She sits at her desk with the numbed senses of one restored to a world whence all she loves has been taken, and discovers what an immeasurable distance the tide of life has receded. Of *Jane Eyre* it may be said that we know every stripe the world has laid upon her from her birth; but she is passing through a novitiate of suffering, while her elder sister, Lucy Snowe, has taken the black veil. In her heart there are reservoirs of tears wept before the first chapter of *Villette* was written. *Jane Eyre* had all to win of fate, but from Lucy Snowe fate had taken even what she had. She is now convinced that "fate is her permanent foe," and resolved to be a mere looker-on at life. But although the opening chapters treat of the pains of others, it is less for these that we feel than for her who interprets them with so much authority. The interest is in the author's personality, and it leads us like a pillar of cloud and fire across great wastes.

The constructional faults of the earlier books are reduced to a minimum. The episodic nature of *Jane Eyre* exacted that at intervals we should be detained among shallows; in *Villette* a strong flood tide seizes us at the outset and bears us on till we descrie a shore, if haply an elusive one. Twice indeed the scene is shifted before we reach *Villette* itself, but there is not the fulness of detail to delude

us into believing each time that here is our abiding place. The fairy child Paulina is seen as in a long perspective; her grief at separation from her father is less heart-piercing for its own sake than for the capacity for suffering which it reveals and will be hers with tenfold increase when a woman. Later on we contemplate "the steam-dimmed lattice" of Miss Marchmont's sick chamber; and her sad memories move us less in themselves than for the understanding heart of her quiet companion. And yet, despite the absorbing autobiographical interest, the characters in *Villette* are presented with greater completeness. Mrs. Bretton, Dr. John, Ginevra Fanshawe are not in low relief like those of *Shirley*; all their sides are turned to the world. The author judges them less by her own preferences and aversions than as workers under the eye of the taskmaster Fate, who to her had been so cruel. Even a fleeting vision of the king of Labassecour wakes her pity, because she discerns in the lines of his countenance traces of her own malady of hypochondria.

The opening scenes reflect a mind which feels by proxy; with the transference of the action to the town of Villette (Brussels), the story proper begins. Belgian school life had already been treated in the *Professor*, and much of that then unpublished book was here reproduced. Many of the portraits, notably that of Madame Beck, were skilfully elaborated; but the spirit of the whole is unchanged. There is the same anti-Catholic prejudice, the revolt against the subtle and all-pervading essence of Romanism, the feeling of exile in a land of convents and confessionals, the presence of a bar between her mind and those that were being reared in slavery. How far the delineations of character are historically true is beyond our scope; the literary critic must be con-

tent with the imaginative truth which he finds in abundance.

The English group are considered by Lucy Snowe largely according to the contrast their lives offer with her own, and not without something of the pity that the poet Gray lavished upon the "little victims" in the Eton playing fields; or as one treading a sombre avenue might behold at the far end a band of children gambolling in shafts of sunlight. She is angry with Ginevra Fanshawe because the best things in life come to her unsought, and she squanders them through want of appreciation. Her visits to the Brettons are like glimpses of home; she notes every domestic detail with the eyes of one to whom such things are strange; and not without apprehension that this pleasant, sheltered household is yet subject to chance and death and mutability.

Although the action of *Villette* takes place in a town, there is no diminution of the poetical quality which allies nature with the moods of the soul. Nature with Charlotte Brontë always symbolized the passing of time and the nearness of the grave. In the "forbidden alley" of the garden stood an old pear-tree "dead all but a few boughs which still faithfully renewed their perfumed snow in spring and their honey-sweet pendants in autumn." And again: "All the long, hot summer day burned away like a Yule log; the crimson of its close perished; I was left bent among the cool blue shades, over the pale and ashen gleams of its night." Like the iron mountain in the Arabian tale, she draws everything to herself, so that solid terrestrial objects are shaped to the bidding of her mind. She weaves the spell of loneliness round the school; it is a "demi-convent secluded in the built-up core of a capital"; the class-rooms are "great dreary jails buried far back beyond thorough-

fares." The interest of the episodes, even when most impersonal, is measured by the ebb and flow of the writer's spiritual excitation. This quality is in abeyance so long as the external world maintains its power; as during her first months in the Rue Fossette while she is occupied in observing and taking her bearings; or on her visit to the Brettons. But it is ever ready to burst forth when the internal river of melancholy is in flood, as in the wonderful account of the visit to the confessional.

Friendship with the Brettons imparts to her life a human interest. Till then she had been content with the negation of suffering, convinced that fate was her permanent foe. She compared herself to an unobtrusive article of furniture, not striking enough to interest, not prominent enough to offend; descriptions such as "quiet Lucy Snowe," "inoffensive shadow," did not distress her. She was a mere looker-on at life; only, as she says, "when I thought of past days, I *could* feel." When Dr. John fulfils his promise of corresponding, she can scarce credit her good fortune. Attracted by the brilliant Paulina, he insensibly passes from the stage; less godlike than Lucy once thought, but always to be remembered kindly.

The pang of separation is less sharp because of the striking figure that steps into the vacant place. Professor Paul Emanuel, the best loved and most vividly presented of all Charlotte Brontë's creations, is, to use a phrase of her own, "daguerreotyped by a pencil of keen lightning." He is the "wasplish little despot" who "fumes like a bottled storm"; so hasty in his movements that the folding doors "split" rather than open to his touch; he makes crusades against the *amour propre* of all but himself; he flees the presence of those he cannot outshine; he hates intellectual

supremacy in women, and "his veins were dark with a livid belladonna tincture, the essence of jealousy." The sudden shifting of heroes has been made the ground of detrimental criticism, yet there is much to be said for the effects of contrast and surprise. And perhaps those of us who first became acquainted with *Villette* in early uncritical days will never forget our feelings of wonder and delight as we realized that the irascible little professor was softening into a lover.

Of M. Paul it was said by Leslie Stephen: "We see only his relations to the little scholastic circle, and have no such perception as the greatest writers would give us of his relations to the universe, or, as the next order would give, of his relations to the great world without." May we not answer that *Villette* is in essential an autobiography, and that M. Paul is less admirable as an independent specimen of humanity than as one who promotes the growth of its author's soul? Apart from the effect on the heroine, the author's triumph is in having established the relativity of M. Paul's characteristics, so that he impresses the reader as entirely lovable, and his faults pass like clouds from the surface of the deep well of tenderness in his central nature.

The craving for companionship and love, the motive of *Jane Eyre*, and of Charlotte Brontë's life, is that of *Villette*; but the world which is new to *Jane Eyre* is old to Lucy Snowe. Hardly unwillingly, is she drawn into the pursuit; only, being human, even she cannot escape the universal destiny while she inhabits what Teufelsdröckh called the "Place of Hope." The passion is a deeper one than *Jane Eyre's* for Rochester, because the need is greater; into a greater loneliness must she relapse if unsuccessful. The ques-

* "Hours in a Library," Vol. III.

tion whether M. Paul ever returned from the exile to which "a woman's envy and a priest's bigotry" consigned him, is unsolved. Probably most conscientious readers, after many attempts at self-deception, will agree that the ship which bore him made one of the wrecks which strewed the Atlantic. Hopelessness is the prevailing note of the book in which Charlotte Brontë's powers culminated; no other lies in such a depth of shadow as *Villette*.

That Charlotte Brontë suffered much during her solitary year at Brussels is obvious to every student of her life; but when she wrote *Villette* in later Haworth days, amid solitude and ill-health following bereavements, her memories of the Pensionnat Heger had been subjected to the idealizing

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process of time, and she must have recurred with peculiar fondness to days when she did fill some place in the living world, however unsympathetic were all but one of the figures which peopled it, when she had allotted tasks and duties as bulwarks between herself and the great ocean of melancholy. Much of *Villette* is a transcript from life, much of it is allegory. When M. Paul sailed away from Lucy Snowe, his prow was turned towards another shore than Guadeloupe; and as we close the book there recur to us those penetrating words of the *Athenæum* reviewer: "Crises and partings, journeys and reunions in her pages sometimes seem to tell of people in more mysterious lands and on more mysterious seas than ours. They speak of souls rather than of bodies."

Augustus Ball.

"TIR NA BES."

Nora Flynn was a stout buxom girl, and though she came of a very poor family, yet her stock was decent for all that; no man or woman of them had ever gone to jail for any "dirty crime," thank God, and if now and then a Flynn had been sent to prison, wasn't it only because the creature had hammered the "peelers," or taken a drop too much, or something "innocent" like that? And what did it matter? True enough a Flynn now and then did poach a salmon, or maybe sometimes set a noose for a pheasant in the woods of the Great House over yonder, and where was the harm? His Reverence himself was proud to eat a cut of salmon on a fast day, let alone how it was caught.

All the same Peter Flynn was no regular poacher, it was many an odd job he picked up and they brought in a tidy sum, though dear knows difficult to count on; but little enough

regular work could be got since the "boycott" which drove the family of the Great House abroad, so most of Flynn's days and a great part of his nights were spent with many men similarly circumstanced, leaning against the walls and corners of the shops and houses which formed the squalid little seaport town of Kinbeg. When Flynn could command tobacco he smoked a pipe; in its absence he expectorated freely and constantly. Mrs. Flynn took in washing and Nora made crochet collars and cuffs with untiring zeal, and these the convent and visitors bought with equal persistency, and Nora sold her crochet more easily than most of the workers, as she was a careful, clean girl and her work was neater and finer than that of most of the other workers.

The Flynns' little cottage stood on the outskirts of Kinbeg, at the end of a long untidy street that straggled

along for more than a mile, till at length a small and dreary patch of walled-in grass and gravel, intended to supply the inhabitants with a place for recreation, terminated in what was dignified with the name of the business portion of the little town. Further on came the fine sweep of a far-extending strand whither the citizens from the county town were in summer wont to resort to bathe and walk and eat sandwiches. A row of small and mean-looking houses betrayed the poverty of the land by the placards announcing that these uninviting-looking abodes were "to let." In the eyes of the denizens of Kinbeg these residences were all that could be considered desirable, and during the season a merry-go-round with glittering boats and gaily painted horses, and the inspiring music of a very unmelodious barrel organ, was considered as supplying everything the most fastidious visitor could desire in the way of entertainment. Nora often went to the beach, either alone or with a neighboring girl, and was usually successful in disposing of her little store of work to newcomers soon weary of the strand and bored with the merry-go-round.

The Flynns' outlook on the world was very restricted and their life monotonous, but not devoid of interests. Every Sunday and holiday the family never failed to attend Mass, and when it did not rain the people talked and gossiped and criticized each other, as is the case all the world over. Sometimes a mission came, and the good fathers were stirring preachers and thundered forth denunciations of drink and the pains and penalties thereby incurred till their hearers shook in their shoes and all the most temperate of the congregation hastened to take the pledge. Once every six weeks the family went to their "duty," and the confessor was

lenient and easily wiped out their small peccadilloes, and undoubtedly it is a great thing to have one's conscience quiet and clear and free from any semblance of reproach.

Every Christmas Eve Mrs. Flynn or Nora bought a tall Christmas candle and dressed it with berries of the tree that the Celts have held as holy from time immemorial, mingling threads and flowers of silver tinsel with the dark green leaves and crimson berries, so that the Christmas candle became, as it were, a symbol pointing to the possibility of vivifying stern old beliefs by the gracious influence of beauty and brightness. When evening fell the candle was lighted and placed in the window, and all night the door was left ajar so that if any poor woman and her infant came by and wanted shelter the woman would see the light and might come in, and welcome, for was it not on that night that the Blessed Virgin herself could find no shelter save in a stable, and God forbid that in Ireland such a thing could ever happen while there was a candle that could be lighted, or a door to open.

On St. Stephen's Day, too, there were great doings, for then the boys, and indeed some of the girls too, would dress up with masks and ribbons and go round carrying a holly bush and singing:

The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,

On St. Stephen's Day he was caught in the furze:

He was so cute and we were so cunning,

He hid in the bushes while we were a-running.

Bobber in roll madrol madrolun,
Bobber and roll, sliver and shole,
Pebble the goat has a tambourine.
On Christmas Day I turned the spit,
I burned my finger—I feel it yet;
Between my finger and the thumb
There is a blister as big as a plum.

The wran, the wran, as you may see,
Is guarded on the holly tree;
A bunch of ribbons by his side,
The Kinbeg boys to be his guide.

And wasn't Tom Mahony one of the grandest of the wran boys, and hadn't he the loudest voice of any of them? He was the one that was always up to fun and a joke. It was no other than Tom himself who went round on many a St. Stephen's night daubing and smearing tar figures on the doors and houses of the old maids and bachelors. It was Tom, and no other, that climbed old Lenihan's roof for all the world like a cat, and stuck a big straw woman with a cap on her head and a shawl over her, and a pipe in her mouth, right on top of the old man's chimney; and it was old Lenihan who was fit to be tied next morning, when the neighbors were all laughing, and he knowing nothing of the fine wife he had on the roof all the time. The same Lenihan was a sour, crabbed old fellow, who never had wife or chick or child belonging to him, so right glad the neighbors were when he was so mad at Tom's joke. It was Tom had the laugh on his side—trust him for that.

And though Tom Mahony was the boy that would make you laugh the very life out of you, there was no one could beat him at his duties either. No matter how dark or wet the morning, he was the one who would be first at the Mass, and always held the plate at the chapel door collecting the money for the parliament gentlemen.

And when the summer came, and the priests in their fine capes and lace, and the lighted candles and the incense and all, and the Blessed Sacrament carried the round of the town, with the chanting and the singing, and flowers in all the windows, and all the people in their best, just like heaven itself, there was Tom Mahony walking just after the priests, with a

long stick in his hand and a big silver star right on top of it; and a look on his face, and him so fine and grand, that you couldn't help but think of the blessed saints in the pictures. And didn't the Daughters of Mary walk in the procession too, and Nora Flynn along with them, for she had been a Daughter of Mary ever since she was eight years old and was confirmed. Oh! it was a grand scene entirely. One year the Bishop himself came, and the day was fine, and the children went in front scattering roses and lilies and geraniums and flowers of all sorts before the Tabernacle in which was no less than the Lord Himself. And wasn't it the Daughters of Mary that looked lovely that day, in their white vells and white dresses, with long blue cloaks on them? Even the Protestants couldn't but admire them, though they, bad luck to them, never went on their knees to the procession like the good Christians.

Tom Mahony lived over against the Flynn's, and a steady, well-learned boy he was; and he and Nora had known each other all their lives, and Tom had no farm, or house, or pigs, or anything, and Nora had neither dresser, bedding, blankets, or furniture of any sort, so what harm was it but that they should marry and live with the old people, as their fathers and mothers had done before them? If Tom owned a few head of cattle, or a horse or two, it would be different altogether—he'd have to look for a fortune with the girl he married; and if Nora had had a tidy sum in her hand, maybe she'd not have been content under a small farm, or leastways a laborer's cottage, along with the boy she was to marry. But when both the boy and the girl were penniless, why should they not please themselves? So it was all settled, and Nora was to marry Tom Mahony next Shrove; and wasn't he the fine,

clever boy that any girl who had no fortune might be glad of?

All went well till one day, coming home wet from fishing, Tom caught a chill, and the cold struck him and he didn't shake it off. Then he took a cough, and lost his appetite and grew thin, and his strength went; and one day he took to the bed and lay there and said he was tired.

Tom and Nora were cousins many times over. For generations the boys and girls of Kinbeg had intermarried; they were all decent people, and did not care for strangers from the neighboring places, so all the poorer denizens of Kinbeg were kinsfolk, and all with one accord bewailed the approaching end of blithe Tom Mahony and mourned over his early doom. Nora's heart grew heavy, and the tears rolled down her cheeks as she heard one and all declare that Tom must die. "Isn't he my own first cousin," exclaimed a neighboring girl to Nora, "and don't I see it's dying he is, like his brother before him?" "His father was my grandmother's nephew," chimed in an elderly woman, "and isn't it the same way that all the family do be took off?"

Then the priest was sent for and came, God bless him, although the Mahonys could only give him two shillings in place of the half-crown he was in the habit of getting for a last anointing. Nora knelt by the bedside and wept bitterly. As the priest was leaving Nora followed him, and said timidly "Me and Tom were to be married next Shrove, your Reverence, and I'd just one pound saved; ten shillings of it I've given the nuns for a habit for Tom, sewn by their own hands. Maybe your Reverence will bless it for the other ten shillings?"

"So I will, and gladly, my girl," answered the priest. "Don't you be fretting now, Nora. What more can

anyone want in such a case than a habit sewn by the nuns and blessed by me? And I'll give it a strong blessing, mind you; one that will take Tom safe through the flames of Purgatory, so don't be unhappy about Tom. Sure, we must all die." And, slipping Nora's half-sovereign into his pocket, the priest departed.

After the anointing Tom seemed to gather some slight strength. He clasped Nora's hand and said faintly "Nora, my honey, don't cry. My darling, didn't I often tell you how the Gaelic teacher learned me that long ago, maybe five hundred years or more, we Irish came to Ireland from a country they called *Tir na Bes*, and it's back there I'm going now, so don't fret, alanna. I'll be at home there and waiting for you in *Tir na Bes*, for the Land of the Dead it is that we all come from, and it is the will of God."

Then Tom closed his eyes and seemed to sleep, but Nora knew that it was to *Tir na Bes* he'd gone.

That night there was a wake; poor as they were, it was a large one, for weren't all the neighbors cousins? So they came and had a raffle for a picture of the Holy Family that hung on the wall, and every man and woman and boy and girl paid down his or her sixpence for a ticket in the raffle, so quite a comfortable little sum of money was made to pay for the drink and the coffin; and it comforted Nora to hear them all say how stout and clever a boy he'd been, and how grand he looked lying there in the habit with a plate of salt on his breast and the lights at his feet. The next day Tom was buried; but the funeral was a small one, for, though the money was enough to pay for the coffin and a hearse with one horse, there was not enough over to get a priest to go to the grave. But what matter? Tom had been anointed and was buried in

a blessed habit; and what more would you have?

Tom had not lain many days in the old burying-ground under the hill, where his forefathers had been all laid, till their ashes had heaped up the ground and the ruined abbey was almost smothered in graves, when a great longing came over Nora to hear Tom's voice once again, to be near him once more; and she felt she must, at any rate, go and pray by his grave. To the burying-ground she went, and down on the sod she knelt and prayed that Tom might have a safe journey to *Tir na Bes*, and not be burnt by the flames of Purgatory; and that some day she might see him again in the Land of the Dead. And well would it have been for her if she had done nothing but pray; but nothing would satisfy Nora but to plant a flower on the grave. Now all the world knows that no friend or relation ought ever to be the one to plant flowers on a grave, and Nora knew this like every one else. Still, the girl was that stubborn that up she picked a piece of slate that lay hard by, and with it she made a hole at the head of the grave; and then she broke off a branch of fuchsia growing near the wall and stuck it into the hole and planted it on the grave.

Right well Nora knew that it is not for those who are of the dead man or dead woman's own who should be the ones to set plants on their graves, but the longing in Nora's heart was great and she had to do something, and so she stuck the bit of fuchsia into the ground. As she did so she felt a pain, and the pain struck the very

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finger on which she wore the ring Tom had given her; and it seemed to her that he was calling her, and asking her to join him in *Tir na Bes*.

From that moment, to the day of her death, which wasn't long after, Nora never felt well or free from pain. Soon the pain became so bad that she had to take to the bed, and the doctor came and said there must be an operation, and Nora must be sent to the great hospital in the county town of Glan. "She can't go," said her father. "She might die, and we couldn't afford to bring back the body."

"I'll not go," said Nora. "I won't have an operation. It wouldn't be of any use."

The pain grew so bad the priest was sent for, for they saw the girl was dying. She moaned as she lay there, but was able to make her confession when his Reverence came. "If you'll lay your hand on my side, Father," whispered Nora, after she had been anointed, "maybe I shall get better." The priest did as the girl desired, and she felt the pain leaving her; but all the same a weakness came over her, the sight left her, and her spirit fled. Then they dressed her in her white dress trimmed with blue ribbons and placed the white veil over her head, her brown rosary clasped between her fingers, and folded her in the blue cloak of a Daughter of Mary; and the neighboring girl, who was her friend, laid a large crimson silk rose at Nora's feet. And so, in braver attire than she would have gone to her bridal, Nora went to join her lover in *Tir na Bes*.

Edith Blake.

THE BOSOM OF THE M'RORYS.

By E. E. SOMERVILLE AND MARTIN ROSS.

Since the day when fate had shipwrecked us at the end of the Temple Braney shrubbery, and flung us, dripping, into the bosoms of the M'Rorys, we had been the victims of an indissoluble friendship with the family. This fulfilled itself in many ways.

Gratitude, what is known as Common Gratitude (which is merely a hollow compliance with the voice of conscience), impelled us to lunch Mr. and Mrs. M'Rory, heavily and elaborately (but without any one to meet them); to invite the whole family to a lawn-tennis party (and the whole family came); and, at other people's tennis parties, to fawn upon them (when it was no longer possible to elude them). It was a despicable position, and had I at all foreseen when the picnic sank at Temple Braney pier that the result would have been dinner-parties, I should unhesitatingly have left Philippa to drown.

The intimacies imposed by Common Gratitude had, under the healing hand of time, become less acute, and might, indeed, have ceased to affect us, had not fate again intervened and cemented the family friendship in the most public way possible. There befell a Harvest Festival in Skebawn Church, with a Bishop, and an Anthem, and a special collection. To it the M'Rorys, forsaking their own place of worship, came in power; and my wife, very superfluously, indicated to Mrs. M'Rory a seat in our pew. The pew is a front one, and Mrs. M'Rory became at once a figure-head to the rest of the congregation—a buxom figure-head, upholstered tightly in royal blue satin, that paled the ineffectual fires of the pulpit dabbles, and shouted in a terrible major chord with the sunflowers

in the east window. She creaked mysteriously and rhythmically with every breath; a large gold butterfly, poised on an invisible spring, quivered and glittered above her bonnet. It was while waiting for the service to begin that Philippa was inspired to whisper to Mrs. M'Rory some information, quite immaterial, connected with the hymns. The next moment I perceived that Mrs. M'Rory's butterfly had fixed its antennæ into some adjunct of my wife's hat, that was at once diaphanous and sinewy, with the result that the heads of the two ladies were locked together. A silent struggle ensued; the butterfly's grappling-irons held, so also did the hat-trimming, and Philippa and Mrs. M'Rory remained brow to brow in what seemed to be a prolonged embrace. At this point Philippa showed signs of collapse; she said that Mrs. M'Rory's nose, glowing like a ruby within two inches of her own, made her hysterical. I affected unconsciousness, while my soul thirsted for an axe with which to decapitate one or both of the combatants, and subsequently to run amok among the congregation, now, as the poet says, "abashlessly abandoned to delight." The butterfly's vitals slowly uncoiled and were drawn out into a single yet indomitable strand of gold wire; the Bishop was imminent, when a female M'Rory in the pew behind (known to The Fancy as "Larkie") intervened with what were, I believe, a pair of manicure scissors, and the incident closed.

It was clear that our blood-brotherhood with the M'Rorys was fore-ordained and predestined. We evaded two invitations to dinner, but a third was inescapable, even though an alarming intimacy was foreshadowed

by the request that we should come "in a very quiet way."

"Do they expect us to creep in in tennis shoes?" I demanded.

"I think it only means a black tie," said Philippa, with the idea that she was soothing me.

"If I have to go to a M'Rory Free-and-Easy, I shall not act as such," I returned, slamming myself into my dressing-room, and dragging forth ceremonial attire.

As, with a docility that I was far from feeling, I followed my wife into the drawing-room at Temple Braney, and surveyed the semicircle of M'Rorys and unknown notabilities (summarized as "Friends from Dublin") that silently awaited us, I felt that neither freedom nor ease would be my lot. But few things in life are quite as bad as one expects them to be,—always excepting sea-sickness. In its dreary circuit of the room, my eye met that of my old friend Miss Bobby Bennett, of the Curranhilly Hunt, niece of its Master, and consultant and referee in all its affairs. My friendship with Miss Bennett was of an ideal nature; when we met, which was seldom, we were delighted to see one another; in the intervals we forgot one another with, I felt sure, an equal completeness. Her social orbit was incalculable; she resembled a fox of whom I heard an earth-stopper say that you "couldn't tell any certain place where he wouldn't puck out." Whether it was at Punchestown, or at a Skebawn Parish tea, or judging cakes and crochet at an Agricultural Show, wherever she appeared it was with the same air of being on top of the situation and of extracting the utmost from it.

To me befell the onerous task of taking the Lady of the House in to dinner, but upon my other hand sat Miss Bennett (squired by a Friend from Dublin of apparently negligible

quality), and before I had recovered from the soup—a hell-broth of liquid mustard that called itself mulligatawny—I found that to concentrate upon her was no more than was expected of me by both ladies. Mrs. M'Rory's energies were indeed fully engrossed by the marshalling of a drove of heated females, who hurried stertorously and spasmodically round the table, driven as leaves before the wind by fierce signals from their trainer. Opposite to me sat that daughter of the house whose manicure scissors had terminated the painful episode of the butterfly. I had always maintained that she was the prettiest of the M'Rory's, and it was evident that Irving, the new District Inspector of R.I.C., who sat beside her, shared my opinion. He was a serious, lanky young man, and at such moments as he found himself deprived of Miss M'Rory's exclusive attention, he accepted no alternative, and devoted himself austere to his food.

Miss Bennett's intention was, I presently discovered, to hunt with Flurry Knox's hounds on the following day: she had brought over a horse, and it became clear to me that her secondary intention was to return without it.

"Larkie M'Rory's going to take up hunting," she said in her low swift voice. "The new D.I. hunts, you know!"

Miss Bennett's astute gray eyes rested upon the young lady in question, and returned to me laden with inference.

"He's got a horse from a farmer for her to ride to-morrow—goodness knows what sort of a brute it is!—I hope she won't break her neck. She's the best of the lot. If the old man had sense he'd buy my mare for her—he's full of money,—and I'd let her go cheap, too, as I have a young one coming on."

It is worthy of mention that I have never known Miss Bennett's stable composed of anything save old ones to go cheap and young ones coming on. I asked her what she would give me if I didn't tell Mr. M'Rory that her mare was touched in the wind.

"I'll give you in charge for defamation of character!" replied Miss Bennett, with speed comparable only to the dart of an ant-eater's tongue. "Anything else you'd like to know? But look at Larkie now, I ask of you! Quick!"

I did as desired, and was fortunate enough to see Miss M'Rory in the act of putting a spoonful of salt in Mr. Irving's champagne, what time he was engaged in repulsing one of Mrs. M'Rory's band of flaming ministers, who, with head averted in consultation with a collaborator, was continuously offering him melted butter, regardless of the fact that he had, at the moment, nothing in front of him but the table-cloth.

"There's Miss Larkie's Dublin manners for you!" said Miss Bennett, and passed on to other themes.

I should say theme, because, speaking broadly, Miss Bennett had but one, and all roads sooner or later led to it. During the slow progress of the meal I was brought up to date in the inner gossip of the Curranhilly country. I learned that Mrs. Albert Dougherty had taken to riding astride because she thought it was smart, and it was nothing but the grab she got of the noseband that saved her from coming off every time she came down a drop. I asked for that Mr. Tomsy Flood whose career had twice, at vital points, been intersected by me.

"Ah, poor Tomsy! He took to this, y'know," Miss Bennett slightly jerked her little finger, "and he wouldn't ride a donkey over a sod of turf. They sent him out to South Africa, to an ostrich farm, and when the people

found he couldn't ride they put him into bed with a setting of ostrich eggs to keep them warm, and he did that grand, till someone gave him a bottle of whisky, and he got rather lively and broke all the eggs! They say it's a lay-preacher he's going to be now!"

Across a dish of potatoes, thrust at me for the fourth time, I told Miss Bennett that it was all her fault, and that she had been very unkind to Tomsy Flood. Miss Bennett gave me a look that showed me what she still could do if she liked, and replied that she supposed I was sorry that she hadn't gone to South Africa with him.

"I suppose we'll all be going there soon," she went on. "Uncle says if Home Rule comes there won't be a fox or a Protestant left in Ireland in ten years' time; and he said, what's more, that if he had to choose it mightn't be the Protestants he'd keep! But that was because the Dissenting Minister's wife sent in a claim of five pounds to the Fowl Fund, and said she'd put down poison if she didn't get it."

Not thus did Philippa and old M'Rory, at their end of the table, fleet the time away. Old M'Rory, as far as I could judge, spoke not at all, but played tunes with his fingers on the tablecloth, or preoccupied himself with what seemed to be an endeavor to plait his beard into a point. On my wife's other hand was an unknown gentleman, with rosy cheeks, a raven moustache, and a bald head, who was kind enough to solace her isolation with facetious stories, garnished with free and varied gestures with his knife, suggestive of sword-practice, all concluding alike in convulsive tenor laughter. I was aware, not unpleasantly, that Philippa was bearing the brunt of the M'Rory bean-feast.

When at length my wife's release was earned, and the ladies had rustled from the room in her wake, with all

the conscious majesty of the Mantle Department, I attempted some conversation with my host, but found that it was more considerate to leave him to devour unmolested the crystallized fruits and chocolates that were not, I felt quite sure, provided by Mrs. M'Rory for the Master of the House. I retired upon the D.I., my opinion of whom had risen since I saw him swallow his salted champagne without a change of countenance. That he addressed me as "Sir" was painful, but at about my age these shocks have to be expected, and are in the same category as lumbago, and what my dentist delicately alludes to as "dentures."

The young District Inspector of Irish Constabulary has wisdom beyond his years: we talked profoundly of the state of the country until the small voice of old M'Rory interrupted us.

"Major," it said, "if you have enough drink taken we might join the ladies."

Most of the other gallants had already preceded us, and as I crossed the hall I heard the measured pounding of a waltz on the piano: it created an impulse, almost as uncontrollable as that of Spurius Lartius and Herminius, to dart back to the dining-room.

"That's the way with them every night," said old M'Rory dispassionately. "They mightn't go to bed now at all."

Old M'Rory had a shadowy and imperceptible quality that is not unusual in small fathers of large families; it always struck me that he understood very thoroughly the privileges of the neglected, and pursued an unnoticed, peaceful, and observant path of his own in the background. I watched him creep away in his furtive, stupefied manner, like a partly-chloroformed ferret. "Oh, well is thee, thou art asleep!"—or soon will be," I said to

myself, as I turned my back on him and faced the music.

I was immediately gratified by the spectacle of Philippa, clasped to the heart of the gentleman who had been kind to her at dinner, and moving with him in slow and crab-like sidlings round the carpet. Her eyes met mine with passionate appeal; they reminded me of those of her own fox-terrier, Minx, when compelled to waltz with my younger son.

The furniture and the elder ladies had been piled up in corners, and the dancing element had been reinforced by a gang of lesser M'Rorys and their congeners, beings who had not been deemed worthy of a place at the high table. Immured behind the upright piano sat Mrs. M'Rory, thumping out the time-honored "Blue Danube" with the plodding rhythm of the omnibus horse. I furtively looked at my watch; we had dined at 7.30, and it was now but a quarter to ten o'clock. Not for half an hour could we in decency withdraw, and, finding myself at the moment beside Miss Larkie M'Rory, it seemed to me that I could do no less than invite her to take the carpet with me.

I am aware that my dancing is that of ten years ago, which places it in the same scrap-heap class as a battleship of that date, but Miss M'Rory told me that she preferred it, and that it exactly suited her step. It would be as easy to describe the way of a bird in the air as to define Miss M'Rory's step; scrap-heap or no, it made me feel that I walked the carpet like a thing of life. We were occasionally wrecked upon reefs of huddled furniture, and we sustained a collision or two of first-rate magnitude: after these episodes my partner imperceptibly steered me to a corner, in which I leaned heavily against whatever was most stable, and tried to ignore the fact that the room was rock-

ing and the walls were waving, and that it was at least two years since I had exceeded in this way.

It was in one of these intervals that Miss M'Rory told me that she was going hunting next day, and that he—her long hazel-gray eyes indicated Mr. Irving, now slowly and showily moving a partner about the room—had got a horse for her to ride, and she had never hunted before. She hoped to goodness she wouldn't fall off, and (here she dealt me the fraction of a glance) she hoped I'd pick her up now and again. I said that the two wishes were incompatible, to which she replied that she didn't know what incompatible meant; and I told her to ask Mr. Irving whether he had found that salt and champagne were compatible.

"I thought you only wore that old eyeglass for show," replied Miss M'Rory softly, and again looked up at me from under her upcurled Irish eyelashes; "it was out of spite he drank it! A girl did that to my brother Curly at a dance, and he poured it down her back."

"I think Mr. Irving treated you better than you deserved," I replied paternally, adventuring once more into the tide of dancers.

When, some five minutes afterwards, I resigned my partner to Irving D.L., I felt that honor had been satisfied, and that it was now possible to leave the revel. But in this I found that I had reckoned, not so much without my host, as without my fellow-guest. Philippa, to my just indignation, had blossomed into the success of the evening. Having disposed of the kind-hearted gentleman (with the pink cheeks and the black moustache), she was immediately claimed by Mr. De Lacey M'Rory, the eldest son of the house, and with him exhibited a proficiency in the latest variant of the waltz that she had hither-

to concealed from me. The music, like the unseen orchestra of a merry-go-round, was practically continuous. Scuffles took place at intervals behind the upright piano, during which music-books fell heavily upon the keys, and one gathered that a change of artist was taking place, but the fundamental banging of the bass was maintained, and the dancing ceased not. The efforts of the musicians were presently reinforced by a young lady in blue, who supplied a shrill and glib, bering obligato upon a beribboned mandoline, and even, at some passionate moments, added her voice to the *ensemble*.

"Will this go on much longer?" I asked of Miss Bennett, with whom I had withdrawn to the asylum of a bow window.

"D'ye mean Miss Cooney O'Rattigan and her mandoline?" replied Miss Bennett. "I can tell you it was twice worse this afternoon when she was singing Italian to it. I never stayed here before, and please goodness I never will again; the wardrobe in my room is crammed with Mrs. M'Rory's summer clothes, and the chest of drawers is full of apples! Ah, but after all," went on Miss Bennett largely, "what can you expect from a cob but a kick? Didn't Tomsy Flood find a collection of empty soda-water bottles in his bed the time he stayed here for the wedding, when you found him stitched up in the feather bed!"

I said that the soda-water bottles had probably prepared him for the ostrich eggs, and Miss Bennett asked me if it were true that I had once found a nest of young mice in the foot of my bed at Aussolas, because that was the story she had heard. I was able to assure her that, on the contrary, it had been kittens, and passing from these pleasing reminiscences I asked her to come forth and smoke a cigarette in the hall with me,

as a preliminary to a farther advance in the direction of the motor. I have a sincere regard for Miss Bennett, but her dancing is a serious matter, with a Cromwellian quality in it, suggestive of jack-boots and the march of great events.

The cigarettes were consolatory, and the two basket-chairs by the fire in the back-hall were sufficiently comfortable; but the prospect of home burned like a beacon before me. The clock struck eleven.

"They're only beginning now!" said Miss Bennett, interpreting without resentment my glance at it. "Last night it was near one o'clock in the morning when they had high tea, and then they took to singing songs, and playing 'Are you there, Mike?' and cock-fighting."

I rose hastily and began to search for my overcoat and cap, prepared to plunge into the frosty night, when Miss Bennett offered to show me a short way through the house to the stable-yard, where I had left the car.

"I slipped out that way after dinner," she said, picking up a fur-lined cloak and wrapping it about her. "I wanted to make sure the mare had a second rug on her this cold night."

I followed Miss Bennett through a wheezy swing-door; a flagged passage stretched like a tunnel before us, lighted by a solitary candle planted in its own grease in a window. A long battle-line of bicycles occupied one side of the passage; there were doors, padlocked and cobwebbed, on the other. A ragged balze door at the end of the tunnel opened into darkness that smelt of rat-holes, and was patched by a square or two of moon-light.

"This is a sort of a lobby," said Miss Bennett. "Mind! There's a mangle there—and there are oars on the floor somewhere—"

As she spoke I was aware of a dis-

tant humming noise, like bees in a chimney.

"That sounds uncommonly like a motor!" I said.

"That's only the boiler," replied Miss Bennett; "we're at the back of the kitchen here."

She advanced with confidence, and flung open a door. A most startling vista was revealed of a lighted room with several beds in it. Children's faces, swelled and scarlet, loomed at us from the pillows, and an old woman, with bare feet and a shawl over her head, stood transfixed, with a kettle in one hand and a tumbler in the other.

Miss Bennett swiftly closed the door upon the vision.

"My gracious heavens!" she whispered, "what on earth children are those? I'm sure it's mumps they have, whoever they are! And how secret the M'Rorys kept it!—and did you see it was punch the old woman was giving them?"

"We might have asked her the way to the yard," I said, inwardly resolving to tell Philippa it was scarlatina; "and she might have given us a light."

"It was this door I should have tried," said my guide, opening another with considerable circumspection.

Sounds of hilarity immediately travelled to us along a passage; I followed Miss Bennett, feeling much as if I were being led by a detective into Chinatown, San Francisco. A square of light in the wall indicated one of those inner windows that are supposed to give light mutually to room and passage, and are, as a matter of fact, an architect's confession of defeat. Farther on a door was open, and screams of laughter and singing proceeded from it. I admit, without hesitation, that we looked in at the window and thus obtained a full and

sufficient view of the *vie intime* of the Temple Braney kitchen. A fat female, obviously the cook, was seated in the midst of a remarkably lively crowd of fellow-retainers and camp-followers, thumping with massive knuckles on a frying-pan, as though it were a banjo, and squalling to it something in an unknown tongue.

"She's taking off Miss Cooney O'Ratigan!" hissed Miss Bennett, in ecstasy. "She's singing Italian, by way of! And look at those two brats of boys, Vincent and Harold, that should have been in their beds two hours ago!"

Masters Vincent and Harold M'Rory were having the time of their lives. One of them, seated on the table, was shovelling tippy-cake into his ample mouth with a kitchen spoon; the other was smoking a cigarette, and capering to the squalls of the cook.

As noiselessly as two bats Miss Bennett and I fitted past the open door, but a silence fell, with a unanimity that would have done credit to any orchestra.

"They saw us!" said Miss Bennett, scudding on, "but we'll not tell on them—the creatures!"

An icy draught apprised us of an open door, and through it we escaped at length from the nightmare purileus of the house into the yard, an immense quadrangle, where moonlight and black shadows opposed one another in a silence that was as severe as they. Temple Braney House and its yard dated from what may be called the Stone Age in Ireland, about the middle of the eighteenth century, when money was plenty and labor cheap, and the Barons of Temple Braney, now existent only in guide-books, built, as they lived, on the generous scale.

We crossed the yard to the coach-house in which I had left my motor: its tall arched doorway was like the

mouth of a cave, and I struck a match. It illuminated a mowing-machine, a motor-bicycle, and a flying cat. But not my car. The first moment of bewilderment was closed by the burning of my fingers by the match.

"Are you sure it was here you left it?" said Miss Bennett, with a fatuity of which I had not believed her capable.

The presence of a lady was no doubt a salutary restraint, but as I went forth into the yard again, I felt as though the things I had to leave unsaid would break out all over me like prickly heat.

"It's the medical student one," said Miss Bennett with certainty, "the one that owns the motor-bike."

The yard and the moonlight did not receive this statement with more profound silence than I.

"I'm sure he won't do it any harm," she went on, making the elementary mistake of applying superficial salves to a wound whose depth she was incapable of estimating. "He's very good about machinery,—maybe it's only round to the front-door he took it."

As Miss Bennett offered these consolations I saw two small figures creep from the shadows of the house. Their white collars shone in the moonlight, and, recognizing them as the youngest members of the inveterate clan of M'Rory, I hailed them in a roar that revealed very effectively the extent of my indignation. It did not surprise me that the pair, in response to this, darted out of the yard gate with the speed of a pair of minnows in a stream.

I pursued, not with any hope of overtaking them, but because they were the only clue available, and in my wake, over the frosty ground, in her satin shoes, followed that sound sportswoman, Miss Bennett.

The route from the stable-yard to the front of Temple Braney House is a long and circuitous one, that skirts a plantation of evergreens. At the first bend the moonlight displayed the track of a tire in the grass; at the next bend, where the edge was higher, a similar economy of curve had been effected, and that the incident had been of a fairly momentous nature was suggested by the circumstance that the tail lamp was lying in the middle of the drive. It was as I picked it up that I heard a familiar humming in the vicinity of the hall door.

"He didn't go so far after all," said Miss Bennett, somewhat blown, but holding her own, in spite of the satin shoes.

I turned the last corner at a high rate of speed, and saw the dignified Georgian façade of the house, pale and placid in the moonlight; through the open hall-door a shaft of yellow light fell on the ground. The car was nowhere to be seen, yet somewhere, close at hand, the engine throbbed and drummed to me,—a *cri de cœur*, as I felt it, calling to me through the accursed jingle of the piano that proceeded from the open door.

"Where the devil—?" I began.

Even as I spoke I descried the car. It was engaged, apparently, in forcing its way into the shrubbery that screened one end of the house. The bonnet was buried in a holly bush, the engine was working, slowly but industriously. The lamps were not lighted, and there was no one in it.

"Those two imps made good use of their legs, never fear them!" puffed Miss Bennett; "the 'cuteness of them—cutting away to warn the brother!"

"What's this confounded thing?" I said fiercely, snatching at something that was caught in the handle of the brake.

Miss Bennett snatched it in her

turn, and held it up in the moonlight, while I stilled the fever of the engine.

"Dublin for ever!" she exclaimed. "What is it but the streamers off Miss Cooney's mandoline! There's the spoils of war for you! And it's all the spoils you'll get—the whole pack of them's hid in the house by now!"

From an unlighted window over the hall-door a voice added itself to the conversation.

"God help the house that holds them!" it said, addressing the universe.

The window was closed.

"That's old M'Rory!" said Miss Bennett in a horrified whisper.

Again I thought of Chinatown, sleepless, incalculable, with its infinite capacity for sheltering the criminal.

"—But, darling," said Philippa, some quarter of an hour later, as we proceeded down the avenue in the vaulted darkness of the beech-trees (and I at once realized that she had undertaken the case for the defence), "you've no reason to suppose that they took the car any farther than the hall-door."

"It is the last time that it will be taken to *that* hall-door," I replied, going dead slow, with my head over the side of the car, listening to unfamiliar sounds in its interior,—sounds that did not suggest health. "I should like to know how many of your young friends went on the trip—"

"My dear boy," said Philippa, pityingly, "I ask you if it is likely that there would have been more than two, when one of them was the lady with the mandoline! And," she proceeded with cat-like sweetness, "I did not perceive that you took a party with you when you retired to the hall with your old friend Miss Bennett, and left me to cope single-handed with the mob for about an hour!"

"Whether there were two or

twenty-two of them in the car," I said, treating this red herring with suitable contempt, "I've done with your M'Rorys."

I was, very appropriately, in the act of passing through the Temple Braney entrance gates as I made this pronouncement, and it was the climax of many outrages that the steering-gear, shaken by heaven knows what impacts and brutalities, should suddenly have played me false. The car swerved in her course—fortunately a slow one—and laid her bonnet impulsively against the Temple Braney gate-pillar, as against a loved one's shoulder.

As we regained our composure two tall forms appeared in the light of the head lamps, and one of them held up his hand. I recognized the police patrol.

"That's the car right enough," said one of them. He advanced to my side. "I want your name, please. I summons you for furious driving on the high road, without lights, a while ago, and refusing to stop when called on to do so. Go round and take the number, M'Caffery."

Blackwood's Magazine.

When, a few days later, the story flowed over and ran about the country, some things that were both new and interesting came to my ears.

Flurry Knox said that Bobby Bennett had sold me her old mare by moonlight in the Temple Braney yard, and it was a great credit to old M'Rory's champagne.

Mrs. Knox of Aussolas, was told that I had taken Mrs. M'Rory for a run in the car at one o'clock in the morning, and on hearing it said "De gustibus non est disputandum."

Someone unknown repeated this to Mrs. M'Rory, and told her that it meant "You cannot touch pitch without being disgusted."

Mrs. Cadogan, my cook, reported to Philippa that the boy who drove the bread-cart said that it was what the people on the roads were saying that the Major was to be fined ten pounds; to which Mrs. Cadogan had replied that it was a pity the Major ever stood in Temple Braney, but she supposed that was laid out for him by the Lord.

LAW AND THE NATIONS.

Lord Coleridge and Lord Russell of Killowen both visited America and delivered their messages on the ideals of their profession, but Lord Haldane has done more, for he not only went to America as a great lawyer, but took the unprecedented course of leaving England in his term of office as Lord Chancellor. Lord Chief Justices may leave their country much more easily than a Lord Chancellor. In order that he might address the American and Canadian Bars at Montreal, the Great Seal was put in commission. We hope that the occasion will be remembered

not only for this interesting historical fact, but through the influence of Lord Haldane's speech. Philosophical and learned, the speech was such as is rarely delivered by an Englishman. A Frenchman, addressing the Academy on his own subject, provides a nearer approach to Lord Haldane's manner; and perhaps we should get a closer parallel still if we could imagine a German jurist addressing a German Academy. Yet we mean no more than to pay Lord Haldane the compliment of saying that he does this sort of thing much better than most of his

fellow British statesmen could do it, for an exact comparison with any foreign orator is impossible in the circumstances. English, Canadian, and American law is unlike French or German law, and that fact was indeed the basis of Lord Haldane's address. The English Common Law, which has been in substance transplanted in the United States and Canada, grew up in the practice of our judges. Our law is judge-made law. No code printed on vellum and bound with brass was ever presented to the English people as a legal charter of liberties, a guarantee of protection and indifferent justice, or an exposition of civic responsibility. Such codes as there are in England "come not at the beginning but at the end." They are the result of habitual decisions hardening into rule. The process is characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon genius, which has never had a liking for complete written solutions invented in advance to meet all imaginable cases. The process was the same again in the development of the Constitution—a gradual accretion of practice and custom owing to particular needs being responded to as they arose. But the law in its full sense is something more than a mere set of rules, whether codified or not, laid down by the sovereign will of the State and enforced by the sanction of compulsion. The law enjoys the highest authority only when it is reinforced by what Lord Haldane called the General Will of Society. This also was a process indispensable in the building up of our wonderful Common Law. We express the truth of the matter when we use the familiar phrase about our being a law-abiding people. We conduct ourselves almost automatically within the borders of the law, feeling that the law was made for the protection and advantage of citizens. If policemen were not

present physically to symbolize the law, nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand would still behave exactly as though the police were there. This reinforcement of the law by the moral consent of the people is everywhere observable in well-ordered countries. It is not in itself peculiar to the English Common Law. Indeed, in order to describe it properly Lord Haldane had to go outside his own language. And yet the reaction of the General Will of Society is traceable in the nature of the laws imposed, so that you cannot really appreciate a nation's laws apart from the character of the people. One might say, "Show me the behavior of the people and I will tell you the nature of their laws."

Sittlichkeit is the German word which Lord Haldane borrowed to explain his meaning. It is the popular ethical code under which there is a feeling in the air that this or that thing must not be done because it is "bad form," or because it is ungentlemanlike, or because "it will not do." No one who values his place in organized society can afford to disregard this unwritten law. It is the most potent form of law, not to be confused by any means with any unwritten law, such as we hear of in the United States sometimes, that is not a reinforcement of written law, but a breaking-away from it to a more primitive condition. St. Paul, we fancy, had something of the same sort in his mind when he wrote to the Corinthians that their worship must be organized *εὐχρημόνως καὶ κατὰ τάξιν*, which Gladstone translated "in right, graceful, or becoming figure, and by fore-ordered arrangement." The fusion of edict and willing popular practice has an analogy in the drawing together of equity and law so that their originally separate functions tend to become merged and obscured.

It is obvious that the *Sittlichkeit* or moral code of a people may be high or low; at its highest it is an amazingly, almost a mysteriously, powerful guide to conduct. Lord Haldane illustrated his meaning by one of Sir Alfred Lyall's poems which we have mentioned more than once recently in writing of Lyall's life. In "Theology in Extremis" a young Englishman is offered his life by the Moslem rebels if he will repeat something from the Koran. If he complies no one will ever know, and he will be free. Moreover, he does not believe in Christianity, so that there is no question whatever of renouncing his faith. How simple a formula to win so great a deliverance! Yet he does not hesitate. He scorns the invitation, hotly despising a half-caste Christian whom he hears pattering the required words. He has no hope of Heaven, and he does love life, yet something—the *Sittlichkeit* of his class—tells him that it would be impossible for him to yield. So he dies "just for the pride of the old countree." The simultaneous operation of the moral code and the legal code is, of course, as old as the Greeks. The moral standard of the people, acting somehow, is always there whether it be high or low. At its highest, however, it does not approach the noblest motives of the individual, for it is a communal conscience, not an individual conscience. It is never more than the highest common denominator of goodness.

The existence, then, of a moral standard which asserts itself independently of compulsion is plain enough in the various nations. Each nation is an ethical group. But the question now arises whether the standards of these ethical groups can be made to furnish a *Sittlichkeit* for the whole world. If they can, we arrive at the possibility of a General Will of nations which would afford a

binding security for the observance of international engagements. Even war—so the mind runs on—might be ruled out by the General Will of nations, as duelling is by the General Will of the British people. Matthew Arnold beheld such a vision. "Let us," he said, "conceive of the whole group of civilized nations as being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working towards a common result; a confederation whose members have a due knowledge both of the past, out of which they all proceed, and of each other. This was the Ideal of Goethe, and it is an ideal which will impose itself upon the thoughts of our modern societies more and more." What can we say in criticism of such an agreeable vision except that the *Sittlichkeit* of a people is what it is precisely because it is a communal growth, whereas a *Sittlichkeit* of rival nations—so long as they are separate nations they must necessarily be rivals—is, unhappily, a contradiction in terms? Within the borders of a nation a moral code may spread from one ethical group to other and larger groups till it embraces the nation; but these groups are not rivals. When it is proposed to cultivate an international *Sittlichkeit* one transgresses the limits of its serviceableness. We speak of the world as it is and as it seems likely for a long time to be. We wish it were otherwise, but the facts which hedge us in on every side are very discouraging. Even within the natural province of a *Sittlichkeit* there are reactions. Most of us have grown up to think of civil war in the United Kingdom as a thing impossible. We deemed it ended with the wars of the Roses and the Stuarts. Yet now a Liberal Government is bringing us to the threshold of a civil war. How much more may the common measure of agreement between

nations yield its set-backs and disappointments! Lord Haldane speaks hopefully to the Bar of a nation which has not yet agreed to abide by the historical meaning of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. When rivalry is completely removed, then and then alone can there be a *Sittlichkeit* between any two nations. The United States, we are very glad to think, is the country which most nearly of all approaches the necessary condition in its relation to ourselves. The long, practically undefended frontier between the United States and Canada—how different from the eastern frontier of France, bristling with armaments!—is a token that each nation knows that the other has no thought of laying violent

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hands on its territory. The United States is a satisfied nation. When an Arbitration Treaty can be passed through the jealous American Senate we shall bless it and trust our interests to it. At all events, our British *Sittlichkeit* tells us that war with the United States is a thing that must not be. It would be beyond decency. Let us hope that though, so far as we can look ahead, there can be no general international ethical group which rules out war, the number of individual nations with which our *Sittlichkeit* forbids us to think of war may increase. The development of that feeling will depend even more on our neighbors than on ourselves.

THE ENGLISH NOVEL.*

There can be little doubt that the great art of the last century—that for which it will be remembered in the future—was the art of fiction, and that this art reached its highest point here in England in the years between 1845 and 1870. Comparisons with other literatures are vain things, no doubt, but, when all allowance is made for those qualities in which English fiction is deficient as compared with French, any competent observer who knows them both will admit that in the essentials of the art the English novel at its best is unsurpassed. It is somewhat curious that no complete study of this subject had previously appeared, though many valuable contributions towards its history and criticism have been made (as by Prof. Raleigh and others), while a bibliography of its origins has quite recently been published by Mr. Esdaile; but we may consider ourselves fortunate that

* "The English Novel." By George Saintsbury. "The Channels of English Literature." (Dent & Sons.)

the task has at length been undertaken by Prof. Saintsbury. A lifetime spent in reading all the fine literature of the world and all the remaining literature of France and England, in writing about it and in teaching it, has given him a grasp of his subject that can hardly be equalled by any critic of to-day. He has never hesitated, when expressing his opinions, to sacrifice the dignity of the chair to a decisive raciness of pronouncement which leaves its mark once for all on the mind, and he has in this volume pretermitted that attempt at obtaining minute accuracy of expression by interpolated qualifications which has exasperated generations of readers—an avoidance which will be appreciated by those who remember the wild orgy of parentheses in a recent unsigned study of Balzac.

It has, then, been a very pleasant duty to read through this book and to commend it to every one who loves our literature, but we are hampered in

criticizing it by an almost entire agreement with the views it expresses. It is a source of discussion, not of disquisitions, and any modification we might suggest would only take the form of one of those qualifications the absence of which we have just commended. We are reminded, it is true every now and then of the scenes in those romances of William Morris which Prof. Saintsbury appreciates so justly, in which during a lull of battle the champions stride forth a spear's-length from the line and flaunt their banner up and down in the face of the foe, by the uncompromising treatment of some of the watchwords of modern criticism. Notable is his rebuke to the students who put the inquiry into origins above everything, neglecting the consideration of the work as work: "It is what the artist does with his materials, not where he gets them, that is the question"; or, again, his wholehearted appreciation of some of our English novelists like Marryat and Lever, whose excellence it has not yet perhaps become the fashion to acknowledge; or his insistence on the value of romance.

This insistence is, indeed, at the root of the author's analysis of the history of the English novel. Romance is inseparable from the novel—the story of incident from the story of character and motive. The fact that the development of character-study in fiction was slow and gradual does not affect the argument; "In every romance there is the germ of a novel, and more: there is at least the suggestion and possibility of romance in every novel that deserves the name." The English fiction of the mediæval period culminates in the great work of Malory, of which Prof. Saintsbury is an enthusiastic admirer—so enthusiastic that he even takes no notice of the striking omission in the romance of the first love-scene be-

tween Lancelot and Guinevere, only known to modern readers by the allusion to it in Dante, but written with almost the art of a modern.

The next contributory influence on our fiction—the foreign *novelle*—came to its own in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; it suggested the popular printed story, and moulded deeply the literary fiction which is typified by "Euphues," the prototype of the modern novel as the "Arcadia" is that of the modern romance. It seems possible, indeed, that the influence of the literary fiction of the sixteenth century on the ultimate development of the novel has been over-estimated. Like the literary drama, but in a different degree, it served as a sort of beacon, showing at once the direction in which one should travel, and the rocks it were best to keep away from. After the Restoration the modern novel began to take shape; Mrs. Afra Behn's "Oroonoko" has been too highly praised, but it is a story; "The Pilgrim's Progress" has every one of the four requisites of a novel—plot, character, description, and dialogue, "as ideal as Spenser, as real as Defoe." Defoe in his tales is, to all intents and purposes, the first to rely solely on their story-interest, on which Prof. Saintsbury has a little disquisition, noting the ineradicable desire for self-improvement of the English reader. The last of the great forerunners is Swift, and thus in George II.'s reign there had been produced on the one hand a public—on the other, models for almost all the principal features of the modern novel.

The eighteenth century produced one great master of fiction, Fielding, and one little masterpiece, "Vathek," with a crowd of lesser works, some great triumphs, and much experiment. Smollett receives from our author his due meed of acknowledgment. Fanny Burney and Mrs. Radcliffe are studied

at length, and the importance of many of the half-forgotten novelists of the end of the century, whose works still sell in cheap reprints from obscure presses, is emphasized. With the growth of the historic sense the historic novel became possible, and Scott came to his kingdom, raising the novel from, at best, a harmless diversion into a serious and acknowledged branch of literature. Prof. Saintsbury's defence of the historical novel is another outburst worth reading:

"Any one who does not count Scott and Dumas and Thackeray among the makers of good literature must really excuse others if they simply take no further account of him."

His estimate of the true place of Disraeli, Lytton, Marryat, and Peacock and of their influence is very reasonable—perhaps a little hard on Disraeli; and the few words allotted to writers of less importance generally hit them off with accuracy. His criticism of Dickens, and especially of the critics of Dickens, is that of a man who cares for good writing—a taste which leads him perhaps to over-estimate Thackeray and to undervalue some of the moderns; and he has a good word for Anthony Trollope, who has, how-

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ever, already been praised by competent judges.

We do not know if this book will afford (in the publishers' language) "those who might wish to devote themselves" to the composition of an English novel "the materials for accomplishing their desire," and rather wish we could have the advantage of the author's candid opinion on the point, but we are sure that rarely indeed has a more illuminating and pleasant textbook of literature been offered to the public.

Let us close this notice with the author's final words:—

"Perhaps it is not easy to see what new country there is for the novel to conquer. But, as with other kinds of literature, there is practically no limit to its power of working its actual domains. In the finest of its already existing examples it hardly yields in accomplishment even to poetry; in that great secondary (if secondary) office of all Art—to redress the apparent injustice, and console for the apparent unkindness, of Nature—to serve as rest and refreshment between those exactions of life which, though neither unjust nor unkind, are burdensome, it has no equal among all the kinds of Art itself."

THE SPREADING WALNUT-TREE.

We were having breakfast in the garden with the wasps, and Peter was enlarging on the beauties of the country round his new week-end cottage.

"Then there's Hilderton," he said; "that's a lovely little village, I'm told. We might explore it to-morrow."

Celia woke up suddenly.

"Is Hilderton near here?" she asked in surprise. "But I often stayed there when I was a child."

"This was years ago, when Edward the Seventh was on the throne," I explained to Mrs. Peter.

"My grandfather," went on Celia, "lived at Hilderton Hall."

There was an impressive silence.

"You see the sort of people you're entertaining," I said airily to Peter. "My wife's grandfather lived at Hilderton Hall. Celia, you should have spoken about this before. It would have done us a lot of good in Society." I pushed my plate away. "I can't go on eating bacon after this. Where are the peaches?"

"I should love to see it again."

"If I had my rights," I said, "I

should be living there now. I must put my solicitor on to this. There's been foul play somewhere."

Peter looked up from one of the maps which, being new to the country, he carries with him.

"I can't find Hilderton Hall here," he said. "It's six inches to the mile, so it ought to be marked."

"Celia, our grandfather's name is being aspersed. Let us look into this."

We crowded round the map and studied it anxiously. Hilderton was there, and Hilderton House, but no Hilderton Hall.

"But it's a great big place," protested Celia.

"I see what it is," I said regretfully. "Celia, you were young then."

"Ten."

"Ten. And naturally it seemed big to you, just as Yarrow seemed big to Wordsworth, and a shilling seems a lot to a baby. But really——"

"Really," said Peter, "it was semi-detached."

"And your side was called Hilderton Hall and the other side Hilderton Castle."

"I don't believe it was even called Hilderton Hall," said Peter. "It was Hilderton Villa."

"I don't believe she ever had a grandfather at all," said Mrs. Peter.

"She must have had a grandfather," I pointed out. "But I'm afraid he never lived at Hilderton Hall. This is a great blow to me, and I shall now resume my bacon."

I drew my plate back and Peter returned his map to his pocket.

"You're all very funny," said Celia, "but I know it was Hilderton Hall. I've a good mind to take you there this morning and show it to you."

"Do," said Peter and I eagerly.

"It's a great big place——"

"That's what we're coming to see," I reminded her.

"Of course they may have sold some

of the land, or—I mean, I know when I used to stay there it was a—a great big place. I can't promise that it——"

"It's no good now, Celia," I said sternly. "You shouldn't have boasted."

Hilderton was four miles off, and we began to approach it—Celia palpably nervous—at about twelve o'clock that morning.

"Are you recognizing any of this?" asked Peter.

"N-no. You see I was only about eight——"

"You *must* recognize the church," I said, pointing to it. "If you don't, it proves either that you never lived at Hilderton or that you never sang in the choir. I don't know which thought is the more distressing. Now what about this place? Is this it?"

Celia peered up the drive.

"N-no; at least I don't remember it. I know there was a walnut-tree in front of the house."

"Is that all you remember?"

"Well, I was only about six——"

Peter and I both had a slight cough at the same time.

"It's nothing," said Peter, finding Celia's indignant eye upon him. "Let's go on."

We found two more big houses, but Celia, a little doubtfully, rejected them both.

"My grandfather-in-law was very hard to please," I apologized to Peter. "He passed over place after place before he finally fixed on Hilderton Hall. Either the heronry wasn't ventilated properly, or the decoy ponds had the wrong kind of mud, or——"

There was a sudden cry from Celia.

"This is it," she said.

She stood at the entrance to a long drive. A few chimneys could be seen in the distance. On either side of the gates was a high wall.

"I don't see the walnut-tree," I said.

"Of course not, because you can't see the front of the house. But I feel certain that this is the place."

"We want more proof than that," said Peter. "We must go in and find the walnut-tree."

"We can't all wander into another man's grounds looking for walnut-trees," I said, "with no better excuse than that Cella's great-grandmother was once asked down here for the week-end and stayed for a fortnight. We—"

"My grandfather," said Cella coldly, "lived here."

"Well, whatever it was," I said, "we must invent a proper reason. Peter, you might pretend you've come to inspect the gas-meter or the milk or something. Or perhaps Cella had better disguise herself as a Suffragette and say that she's come to borrow a box of matches. Anyhow, one of us must get to the front of the house to search for this walnut-tree."

"It—it seems rather cheek," said Cella doubtfully.

"We'll toss up who goes."

We tossed, and of course I lost. I went up the drive nervously. At the first turn I decided to be an insurance-inspector, at the next a scout-master, but, as I approached the front door, I thought of a very simple excuse. I rang the bell under the eyes of several people at lunch and looked about eagerly for the walnut-tree.

There was none.

"Does Mr.—er—Erasmus—er—Percival live here?" I asked the footman. Punch.

"No, Sir," he said—luckily.

"Ah! Was there ever a walnut—I mean *was* there ever a Mr. Percival who lived here? Ah! Thank you," and I sped down the drive again.

"Well?" said Cella eagerly.

"Mr. Percival *doesn't* live there."

"Whoever's Mr. Percival?"

"Oh, I forgot; you don't know him. Friends," I added solemnly, "I regret to tell you there is *no* walnut-tree."

"I am not surprised," said Peter.

The walk home was a silent one. For the rest of the day Cella was thoughtful. But at the end of dinner she brightened up a little and joined in the conversation.

"At Hilderton Hall," she said suddenly, "we always—"

"H'r'm," I said, clearing my throat loudly. "Peter, pass Cella the walnuts."

* * * * *

I have had great fun in London this week with the walnut joke, though Celia says she is getting tired of it. But I had a letter from Peter to-day which ended like this:—

"By the way, I was an ass last week. I took you to Banfield in mistake for Hilderton. I went to Hilderton yesterday and found Hilderton Hall—a large place *with* a walnut-tree. It's a little way out of the village, and is marked big on the next section of the map to the one we were looking at. You might tell Celia."

True, I might . . .

Perhaps in a week or two I shall.

A. A. M.

MATERIALIZING THE SPIRITUAL.

Early in the last century, an old Forfarshire lady installed, in the bedroom corridor of her castle, an automatic organ. It was her delight of a morning, to wake her guests with its

strains. But it was not the delight of one of them, Miss Sophia Johnstone of Hilton, to be so awakened; and she said so. "Ye dinna like the music? Ye shouldna say that, Sophy,"

said her hostess, "Ye'll no' win to heaven an ye dinna take pleasure in music; it's to be all music there, ye know." "'Deed," said the incorrigible one, "an heaven's a place wi' auld wives playin' on hand-organs at six o'clock in the mornin' it's no' the place I tak' it for; nor yet the place I want to be in."

Thoughts not much other than as Miss Johnstone's are awakened by Sir Oliver Lodge's description of the doings of "a body of responsible investigators that has even now landed on the treacherous but promising [strange antithesis!] shores of a new continent," engaged, if we understand him aright, in "interacting with us on the material side," and thus "indirectly coming within our scientific ken." He says that through the operations of this "body of responsible investigators, we may hope to obtain some understanding of the nature of a larger, perhaps ethereal, existence, and of the conditions regulating intercourse across the chasm."

Mr. Godfrey Isaacs has, quite lately, added a new terror to our trans-Atlantic voyagings, by telling us that by-and-by we may be impertinently asked, through Marconi telephones, "what our disposition is to our breakfast." And now Sir Oliver Lodge is declaring that even, death is not to free us from the presence of a species of Marconi investigators. Heaven is not the place we took it for, nor the place where we fain would be, if such as they have seized, or even landed on, its shores.

The Guardian, in an article, saved by its silliness from being something worse, has been hailing Sir Oliver Lodge's news with delight. "However unpromising the phenomena," it says, "even though they be the coincidences between the incoherences of two 'automatic' writers, it is good that they should be examined. Theologians have

had to learn the lesson, and to a large extent, they have learnt it. Sir Oliver Lodge pleads that men of science should learn it also, and courageously proclaims his belief in the positive proofs of immortality now being accumulated by psychical research."

We had not hitherto known that theologians were reduced to the examination of unpromising phenomena of the kind stated for the better establishment of any of their positions, and that Sir Oliver Lodge is merely pleading that men of science should follow in their wake. Who are these theologians?

Of Sir Oliver Lodge's language, *The Saturday Review* says that it was "purposely vague, but it was clear enough that he rejects a Mediator, and accepts a medium." Mr. Sludge seems a poor exchange— But *chacun à son gout*.

There is already evidence that Sir Oliver Lodge has been taken by some to be working for what is called "the reconciliation of science and religion." He is doing no such thing.

There was a young lady of Riga,
Who rode on the back of a tiger.
They came back from the ride
With the lady inside,
And a smile on the face of the tiger.

It is possible that some would call this reconciliation. To us it seems that Sir Oliver Lodge wishes to subject some of the truths of religion to a kind of experimentation and proving and testing to which they cannot be subjected. He would embody them in his kind of science if they should turn out to be embodyable. The recording instruments of the spiritualistic seance parlor, perhaps refined and given laboratory names, will be employed. "Mediums," and "automatic writers" will have the coincidences between their coherences or incoherences noted, tabulated and co-ordinated. And the

silly people who may bring their minds, or what they are pleased to call their minds, to acceptance of these preposterous methods, will abide by the results of these methods. When Sir Oliver Lodge's address is examined carefully, it will be found to be a plea for a return to the ways of Mr. Home, Dr. Slade, and Eusepia Palladino. It is not too much to say that precisely as mediums do seem to succeed in getting what is impudently called verification of the doctrines of personal immortality by that will they do harm. No one objects to science. There is only difference among men as to what is science, and what is not. Spiritualism is not science, and most certainly it is not religion.

No man of science will care to deny that tables may tilt, that phosphorescent tambourines may flutter, that clean slates sealed together may come to have writing on them. When there are "mediums" about he may say, perhaps quoting the words of Sir Oliver Lodge, that "a living thing obeys the laws of physics like everything else; but undoubtedly it initiates processes and produces results *that without it could not have occurred.*" The "medium" is like the "spider in the galvanometer of a physicist," of which Sir Oliver spoke. If the tables and tambourines behave as they might behave if Mr. Maskelyne wanted them to, the man of science viewing them would probably go away yawning. He would say that the evidence that there were extraordinary forces at work was not good enough for him. The man of piety would not, whatever his competence to examine the phenomena

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scientifically, be in the smallest degree impressed by them. He might not allege—for the matter of that the man of science might not allege—any conscious fraud. The man of science would say, "Is this a physical experiment? If it be, I should like to repeat it in conditions that belong to physical experiments." The man of piety would not allow that the result of a physical experiment could affect his faith.

Sir Oliver Lodge said: "It is my function to remind you that our studies do not exhaust the universe, and that if we dogmatize in a negative direction, and say that we can reduce everything to physics and chemistry, we gibbet ourselves as ludicrously narrow pedants, and as falling far short of the richness and fullness of our human birthright." With the passing protest against a use of the word "dogmatize" in a sense that seems to be wrong, we think that he is saying an undisputed thing in a dreadfully solemn way. But over and above that, it might surely be said that the experiments he is conducting with the alleged help of the body of responsible investigators on the treacherous but promising shores of a new continent, are precisely attempts to reduce to expression in physical terms—for we suppose that automatic records are in question—some things that are surely not so expressible.

The address has much of the sound of a protest against materialism. When what was said in it is listened to attentively, it will be found to be a plea for the materialization of that which is spiritual.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"The Publisher," by Robert Sterling Yard, the new editor of the *Century Magazine*, is as simple, straightforward, and interesting as its title. Its four chapters discuss the strategies of successful publishing; the mystery of why certain books become best-sellers,—with a delightful paragraph on the difference between Real Advertising and Brute Publicity; the lights and shadows of the subscription book business; and the diplomatic management of authors. Mr. Yard's book will appeal strongly to three classes of people, publishers, authors, and the general reading public. The public will find it a refreshing dessert after a long diet of the ways of genius in the writing of books; authors will discover how not to be diplomatically managed and other valuable secrets; and publishers—will read it anyway. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Rowland Thomas has just added "Fatima" to the growing list of books that wear the outer garments of fiction but move with the rhythmic grace of poetry and remain at heart pure lyrics. That strange phoenix, poetry, displays a rare vitality in the nascent stages of this new rejuvenation; it may blow an iridescent bubble like "Fatima," light enough to float softly through the mind of the most feather-brained and dainty enough to please the most fanciful; it may sound the drum-beats of a rattling tale of adventure, or set hearts throbbing in a great novel; it has often pushed its way into the ranks of the best sellers of the age that has just declared it dead. And perhaps the close of "Fatima,"—this fantasy of the beautiful Egyptian maid who married a fool, with its witty conceits and fine fooling,—is the best proof of the thorough modernity of its

vitality. For the feather-brained should be warned, and the philosophical notified, that the bubble bursts just at the end and leaves a bitter tang of disillusionment behind. Little, Brown & Co.

The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company continues to make generous provision for young readers of all ages. The latest group of books with its imprint includes "Dorothy Dainty's Vacation" by Amy Brooks, the twelfth volume in a series for very little people; "Harmony Olmsted" by Millicent Olmsted,—the story of a young girl who had some amusing and some rather thrilling experiences but passed through them all with a sunny and courageous spirit; "Uncle David's Boys" by Edna A. Brown, a bright and pleasantly-written tale about a group of boys and girls on a summer vacation; and "The Girl from Arizona," a fresh and charming story for girls by Nina Rhoades. All are illustrated. So much for fiction. A book of more enduring value which, it may be hoped, may find a place on many a boy's shelf, is "The Handy Boy" by A. Neely Hall, a practical handbook of various sorts of craftsmanship, none of them too difficult for an ingenious boy to undertake. The book is in the same line as the same author's "The Boy Craftsman" and "Handicraft for Handy Boys" and is even fuller and more varied in its scope. Six hundred figures and illustrations add both to the attractiveness and the practical value of the book.

"Judas," a drama by Harry Kemp, interprets in a new light the character of that conspicuous figure. The motive for the betrayal of Christ was not greed, maintains the dramatist, but the desire to bring matters to a crisis

so that Christ's enemies might see the coming of the Kingdom immediately. During two acts this view of Judas is made plausible; he is shown as a practical man of affairs, just and unhesitating, vigorous in his loyalty to Christ after he became a disciple. In this way the reader is prepared for Judas's dramatic, direct action in Act III. and his remorse seems doubly overwhelming and tragic. The language of the play is neither realistic nor imaginative, but is measured and simple, suited to the nature of the theme. Just how popular this departure from the traditional attitude toward the most hated figure in history will be is a matter for conjecture. At any rate the dramatist will give little offense, so interesting, simple and direct is his handling of the subject. Mitchell Kennerley.

Professor Max Farrand's history of "The Framing of the Constitution of the United States" is an extremely interesting and timely study of the conditions under which the Federal Constitution was framed, the needs out of which it sprang and the purposes which it was intended to serve. The author, who is Professor of History in Yale University, has made special researches in this field for ten years or more, some of the fruits of which have already been embodied in his three-volume compilation of "The Records of the Federal Convention." In the course of these researches he has been led to give special study to the personnel of the Convention and the individual characteristics of its members, and his history of the proceedings and the various plans and compromises derives from this study a personal and human interest which otherwise it might have lacked. In these days, when there is an increasing impatience with established institutions, and there seems to be a wide-

spread impression that the framing and tinkering of constitutions is something that almost any one can do, this thoughtful study of the original problems and the attempt made to solve them should be especially appreciated. Yale University Press.

One of the excellent things about Mr. Meredith Nicholson's "Otherwise Phyllis" is, that it has not been published as a serial, so that its important incidents recur without regularity; another is that Phyllis herself, although she manages every man, woman and child in the entire story is no dark schemer, but a wise and just fairy to others, and a perfect sage in her own affairs, and also in those of her father and mother. She has a large family connection in which every individual is enveloped in a cloud of political, financial and personal interests, all clear to the piercing but apparently innocent gaze of Phyllis, who lands herself and them exactly where she desires, and is enviable, in spite of the disadvantages bestowed upon her by Mr. Nicholson lest she should seem set too far above both petty and serious misfortune. In short, this is a kindly, genial story leaving one thoroughly content, drawn out of one's own atmosphere, and feeling assured that Indiana is the garden spot of the earth, with inhabitants who will soon remove her few remaining imperfections although they are not exalted above all human frailty. Mr. Nicholson has arrived at that point in his art in which skilful management of light and shade makes sharply contrasted coloring seem "coarse and vulgar," and worst of all unnecessary. Also he has emancipated himself from the feeling that he must be either funny or darkly mysterious, and he sees life steadily and sees it whole. Houghton Mifflin Company.